TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There is always a big reception ready for the man who wins. It does not matter whether he won on his merits or by trickery or defeated better men by accident. If he is a winner that is enough, the fickle crowd awards him lavish honor. In the uneasy days when the throne of England was a stake open to royal gamesters, some outlawed claimant for the crown would induce some hardy duke and his retainers to take up arms in his cause, and after a few successes would find his ranks swelled into a great army; the points of vantage would be gained and the crown of England would adorn the adventurer. The masses would shout themselves hoarse over the new king and perhaps within a twelvemonth would jeer and rage at him through the bars of his dungeon in the tower, his only offence in the meantime being a failure to hold the successes he had won. At heart the mass of men hate the successful few, as the envious lost ones who people hell are supposed to hate those moving in the inaccessible realms of light above. The feeling is by no means so acute nor so well defined nor so plainly revealed, but it is of kindred nature. While this is true, people crowd around to be present at the moment of a successful man's triumph. The individual attends for the purpose of criticising and finding inward fault, but influenced by the hypocrisy of the occasion the whole mass becomes a laudatory, applauding mob. A sincere man loses his sincerity in a crowd. Put a thousand insincere, opinionless men along with five thousand men of decided character, and that makes an insincere multitude whose voice is false and whose applause will hoax all who believe in it. Five shouting men make more noise than one hundred silent ones, who chew the rims of their hats and shake disapproving heads. Any winning man has enough of sincere supporters, these have enough insincere reinforcements, and curiosity attracts an additional sufficiency of silent and dissatisfied on-lookers to make up an imposing reception. But I think a man's really sincere supporters are very few—that is, supporters who fight for him with a disinterested belief in his superiority over all his supporters as well as opponents, and without the faintest expectation or wish of reward whatever. If you support a man for an office because you figure that he will fork you into a pleasant nook somewhere near his person, or will reciprocate by supporting you for some other office sometime, you are not a sincere supporter of that man. You are really a sincere supporter of yourself, and if you thought you could win a soft snap sooner by opposing that man you would oppose him.

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A successful man in this world is one who leads others on with an unspoken but understood promise of reward that is never fulfilled and cannot be sued for. Sir John Macdonald was often quoted as such a man, but he knew that in every five hundred men there was always one who could not be wheedled, who would trot along at his heels quietly enough for a certain distance but would then prove too strong to be trifled with. The smile of the leader would lose its mesmerizing power, and a grim dissentient would exact his implied rewards. Haggart's advancement has been discussed as one of the unaccountable things in Canadian politics. I believe, however ordinary his talents, he is the one of five hundred whom the late Premier found unresponsive to his masterful spirit and who exacted the uttermost farthing of his expected reward. Dewdney's advancement was also considered unaccountable. I would not put him in the same class. I have always thought that Sir John in a moment of elation and strength selected Dewdney for experimental purposes. He wanted to span his own power and fathom his own force, so he said, "Give me this ordinary man, this affable nonentity, and in the political firmament of which I am the sun let him be the moon, visible and shining in the heavens by means of my surplus light. I am strong in management of able men, let me test my creative power and see if I can make something out of nothing." This may be a very unjust fancy of mine, but I came by it honestly and without prejudice to the man whom I mention as the pale orb among Conservative politicians. If his head is more than a reflex spheroid there are many political scientists watching it night and day for evidence of it.

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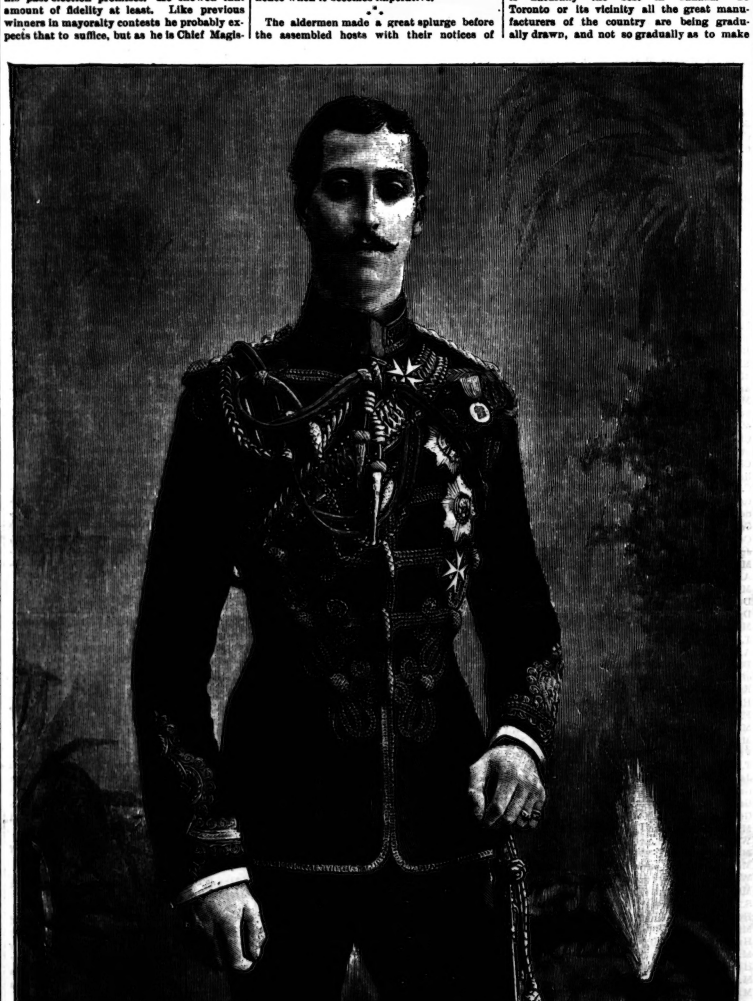
But my intention was to point out how eagerly men crowd around a winning horse and pat him on the back, although they may have cost all their money on him and secretly wish he had broken his legs when half way round the track. On Monday I attended the inaugural meeting of the new City Council, and saw Mayor Fleming take his seat and deliver his address. The building was packed so full that I was forced to stow myself away in a corner of the gallery. Beside me sat an old man with rheumatic legs and a sore hand, upon which somebody persisted in stepping every few minutes. The old man informed those around him that he knew Bob. "I have known him always—have trotted him on my knee and nursed him nigh unto forty years ago where Lombard street now is." Not in the least reassured by the presence and fond glances of his nurse, the new Mayor was intensely nervous. His type-written speech shivered in his hand while being read as though it had a guilty consciousness that its promises would never be carried out. Twice his speech was applauded by those in the gallery: once when he expressed a desire to see that men when arrested for drunkenness should be liberated on becoming sober without undergoing the police court ordeal and a fine, and a second time when he closed. There were other times when he should have been applauded if applause would encourage him to carry out his expressed purpose. On the whole his speech was creditable, if his promises are followed with performances. It is likely to prove to be the same old inaugural song with slight variations, for it was prefaced with the admission that the Mayor could do nothing and the Council could do everything. This was something of a change from his campaign tone, and taken altogether he merely made suggestions along the line of his past election promises. He showed that amount of fidelity at least. Like previous winners in mayoralty contests he probably expects that to suffice, but as he is Chief Magistrate for 1892 it is only fair to silence all hostile guns until he breaks faith with the people who trusted him.



The Late Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

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It is unfortunate that at the very outset, while those who have so recently been hostile to him are dutifully trying to work up confidence in him, Mayor Fleming should do something that seems to expose the weakness in his character of which so many had fears. It was thought that he was too plastic, too agreeable with all sides of everything and by instinct a trimmer. When the Board of Health met the other day a deputation of butchers was present to ask that body to rescind the rule that no ice shall be cut in the Toronto Bay. The Medical Health Officer calls that ice frozen sewage, and it is charged that dealers palm it off on householders as pure ice. The Mayor spoke in support of the butchers' contention, as though over-awed by the presence of the deputation. No matter what bonds the city may exact from dealers, if they are allowed to cut bad ice it is liable to carry contamination into the public food. The best medical men of the city see danger in the use of that ice, and it is discouraging that the first act of the new Board should be to rescind the one reluctant good turn done by the old Board. Some day the cutting of bay ice must be altogether abolished, and it would now be no greater hardship upon butchers and milkmen to enforce such an ordinance than it will be a few years hence when it becomes imperative.

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The aldermen made a great splurge before the assembled hosts with their notices of motion on all manner of subjects. They apparently are going to make a job lot of all the things they ought to do and convert this city into a paradise without waiting a single day to let us prepare for the great change. By this time extraordinary committees have been struck to induce the location of manufactories here, to equalize the assessment, to readjust the local improvement system, and to serve other such glittering generalities of purpose. Those committees will probably bring in reports about the beginning of next December, a month set apart in the municipal calendar for the discussion of that visionary thing, an equalized assessment, and that catchy nonsense about inducing manufactories. Ten minutes after a piece of prairie is organized into a township there goes up an ineffectual groan for an equality of assessment, and as the population thickens the groan gathers in volume until that piece of land is the site of a great city. And that groan never ceases until the city, having lived its thousands of years, dwindles down and its site is lost like that of ancient Babylon. The way to induce manufactories to locate here is to fix things up so that it will be a good place for everybody to come to, a profitable place to live in, and then irresistible circumstances will attract manufactories. By bonussing industries with money and exemptions we not only impose unnatural burdens upon the ratepayers but advertise Toronto as a disadvantageous location for the "induced" industries, whereas it is naturally the best in Canada. To Toronto or its vicinity all the great manufacturers of the country are being gradually drawn, and not so gradually as to make citizens who enjoy the common protection to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but there should be a decent moderation in the amount levied, and only enough inequalities to leave the kicker in his element. Exempt nothing but the graveyards where we bury the dead and the jails where we hang each other.

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Ever since the reconstruction of the Dominion Cabinet was first talked of, there has been a rumor afloat that W. R. Meredith would be translated from the Ontario Legislature. A few weeks ago despatches from Ottawa were sent out pretending to say with some authority that he would receive a call from Premier Abbott. Silent until that moment, the French papers at once became alarmed and loudly cried out against his promotion on the ground of his anti-French record. Now it is not surprising that the Opposition organs of Quebec should raise this or any other outcry that could be hit upon to hamper the Government and deprive it of an able man's services, but for the Government organs of that province to join in the outcry is a bit of party insubordination that should furnish an instructive lesson to Ontario. The principle that the Premier should choose the ablest men available to assist him, irrespective of whence they come, what tongue they speak or what religion they profess, was first set aside by Quebec demanding a certain representation in the Cabinet according to the importance of the province. It is now an established thing that each Cabinet shall be ballasted with ministers chosen from certain geographical areas throughout the Dominion; that the French are entitled to so many and the Roman Catholic faith to so many. When that statesman with the leonine head and the misfortunate friendships, when Chapleau, whose liver becomes deranged or whose ankle gets sprained whenever his dignity is offended—when he was trembling on one foot in fear of dismissal and was reputed to be on strike for high honors, the French press asserted the right of the provinces and the French people to designate their own representatives in the Government and to stipulate for suitable high portfolios for them. The dignity of the province was said to be threatened and the right of the people seemed likely to be infringed in a way they could never submit to, and unless justice were done the future of the Dominion would be imperilled. The French Conservative party's demand then was that it was entitled to a certain membership in the Government, and that the end of the world would instantly come if it were refused its dues. It refused to submit to outside dictation. Having taken this ground and having established this order of things, how now can these jabbering Frenchmen interpose their jabber into the arrangements for Ontario's representation in the Cabinet? Having maintained their Chapleau in office against the better judgment of the country, and having secured Ouimet's elevation, should they not rest easy? It seems to me that their mutinous conduct has achieved its end. The elevation of Ouimet and the promotion of Haggart tell me that the idea of giving Meredith a call has been tin-panned out of Abbott's head by these noisy newspapers. This is an interference Ontario should resent. But mark you, Ontario will resent nothing, for the Grit party and the Tory party of this province are two country bumpkins at the political show fair and each one of them is cheating the nut shell fakir out of his eye-teeth—they think they are, which is just as gratifying for the moment as the real thing would be. The Tories of Ontario wink at each other and facetiously remark "Our party is as cunning as the devil himself; we're pulling Quebec into line all right, you bet." And the Grits of Ontario meet with their Early-Christian-Father handshake and looking about to see if they are beyond earshot of the scornful, say: "The cause of purity is advancing. You know Quebec holds the balance of power and at last the corrupt Tory ascendency is about to be overthrown there. It has required very adroit management, but we are working Quebec all right through Laurier and Mercier. We are quiet chaps, but we get there just the same." And so, year in and year out these two parties keep on hoodwinking Quebec as plowboys hoodwink a three-card-monte man. Our politicians are so smart up this way that Ontario never kicks, but leaves it all to them and waits patiently decade after decade to see our leaders stop giving us the wink and sail in to fake the fakir, with whom they have so long been playing possum, you know.

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I have not heard anybody advance the idea that Mr. Haggart's retention in the Cabinet and his promotion to the most important portfolio given to any Ontario member, was owing to French-Canadian influence in the Government. Had he been bounced, then Chapleau could scarcely have been retained, and retaining him Chapleau could scarcely be bounced because of scandals concerning him. With Haggart in the highest position of any Minister from Ontario, how could the members from this province or Premier Abbott longer deny Chapleau the highest position in the Cabinet occupied by a Quebec minister? The mill-stone was struck from Chapleau's neck the moment Haggart was promoted, and the thing may have been planned by French-Canadian foresight.

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"He just slammed the door and went off to work without a bite of breakfast." Walking past two women on the street, evidently wives of workingmen of the poorer class, I overheard one in the course of a burst of confidence ad-

dress the above words to her companion. She was easing herself of her troubles, and it occurred to me that there are any number of men who slam the door and go off to work hungry, for theatrical effect. The man who cut off his nose to spite his face has thousands of lineal descendants hereabouts. This going to work hungry is one of the rarest and most cutting revenges a laboring man can visit upon his wife for arguing, perhaps, that she told him to wind the clock last night and if he's a little late for work it is his own fault. A man hates to be told that it is his own fault when he has got fairly launched in blaming somebody else for a bad state of things. If his own culpability is pointed out soon enough to permit him to treat the whole business as of no account he does not mind it, but when a woman who has vowed to love and honor him through better or worse quietly makes porridge of a morning until he works himself into a rage because the clock is stopped, and then calmly states the indisputable truth that she asked him to wind it up the previous night and he said he would but didn't—that is too much for mortal man to stand. There is nothing else for him to do but to slam the door and march off to work without a bite of breakfast. It is useless for him to further argue with such an unreasonable creature as his wife, who provokes him beyond endurance. Men who make a big flourish over a little fast like this, tease their own stomachs a little for the pleasure of searing their wives' hearts a great deal. And yet they walk off feeling that they are making a great sacrifice in the interests of domestic peace. Such a man is the most incorrigible, unreasonable sort of a character that any one can conceive of, for he makes a great show at suffering because of other people's faults, whereas he inflicts pangs to which his own are trivial, and his selfishness is soothed at seeing the wet cheek of the one who he thinks has wronged him. But it is he who has inflicted the wrong, and it is he who kills every comfort of home with his artificial sensitiveness and his pretended self sacrifices, and his peevish forgiveness with a deathly groan in it that hurts worse than any man's outburst of anger could do. When a naturally selfish man puts a religious or other weight upon his temper it is too often not suppressed, but squirts out on all sides in disagreeable ways more offensive and mean than ever. A man with a good temper is a pleasure to all who are brought into domestic contact with him; the one who commands his temper is a credit to himself, but I prefer the one who indulges in an honest outburst when he feels like it to the one who is always s'zzling and congratulating himself on his forbearance, that he does not explode like his wicked neighbor who gets mad once a month.

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The United States has a very sensitive honor when dealing with a country like Chili, that is torn asunder with civil strife and is supposed to be a cheap power at best. Washington has a wonderfully nice idea of what is due to itself in this case, and is prompt in its demand for ample satisfaction. It is safe to say that if the Behring sea dispute had been between the United States and Chili, it would never have dragged along all these weary years, for the patent American honor that England cannot offend would have taken instant umbrage if a Chilian Premier had written Salisbury's first message. It is not a question of words and meanings in the diplomatic missive, but one of guns and vessels behind the foreign diplomat that the American statesman considers when he decides whether the honor of his country has suffered a slight. A very practical people, these Americans, with a dignity adjustable to circumstances. We all have contempt for the big boy who is careful not to give or take offence among fellows of his own size, but who forever tries to bully little boys and cripples; and the neighboring republic is developing some such character. MACK.

Social and Personal.

If good music, handsome gowns, pretty decorations, a delicious *menu*, and indefatigable hosts don't make a large crowd of people happy and agreeable, what will? The success of the Wanderers' Ball last week showed that in one case, at all events, the desired end was attained by the above means. Such a well contented throng of merry-makers I have never before seen, and the efforts of their hosts deserved the hearty recognition they received. A very large attendance in the first place, of people who came to enjoy themselves and succeeded in doing so thoroughly, made the evening safe in popularity, and a circumstance which I noticed in particular was that though the bicycle and snow-shoe champions had certainly brought their sisters and their cousins, they seemed to have left their aunts at home. It was essentially a young people's party and showed all the vim and *abandon* of its kind. I noticed amongst others the following dresses: Miss Sutherland, a *debutante* from Hamilton, white gauze; Miss McPherson, Nile green and swansdown; Mrs. Ed. Cox, maize; Miss F. Cox, cream and gold; Mrs. Warwick, Nile green; Mrs. Bingham, black with gold embroidery; Mrs. McPherson, cream silk, with embroidered lisse; Miss Hunter, mauve; Miss Matthews, pale blue; Miss Irving, cream; Miss Laura McGillivray, red; Miss Hall of Chicago, black lace; Mrs. R. H. Hamilton, sea green silk, cream brocade; Miss Lona Hay of Woodstock, corn color, with jet *cabuchons*; Miss McIntosh of London, white figured with old rose; Mrs. Esten Fletcher, gray; Mrs. A. J. Tipping, French gray with gold braid; Miss Ryder, yellow bengaline with embroidered frills of yellow *chiffon*. These are but a few of the hundreds which made a kaleidoscopic picture on the crowded floor. The orchestra was led by Signor Gilonna, and played some very charming dance music, several of the dances being applauded and repeated by request of the well pleased dancers. "I have never seen people dance so enthusiastically," said a wondering chaperone at half-past two a.m. 'They came here for that purpose," gravely responded a gallant colonel, who was sharing her sofa on the dais. The popular strains of such appropriate dance music as the Wanderers and Wheeling jerseys, and Winter Frolics galop, seemed to put new wings to the feet of the knights of the wheel and the snowshoe.

The patronesses were: Mrs. A. B. Lee, jr., Mrs. William Britton, Mrs. Guy Warwick, Mrs. K. B. Hamilton, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mrs. C. H. Nelson, Mrs. N. Charles Sparks, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. T. W. Dyas, and Mrs. J. B. Hall.

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The stewards, whose efforts for the pleasure of the guests were unceasing, were F. H. McCausland, F. J. Morphy, S. Norman Smith, P. L. Bailey, A. P. Taylor, W. A. Hunter, T. C. Thompson, H. R. O'Hara, G. M. Wells, C. Morrison, W. G. Mitchell, Victor Lee, F. W. Stronger, Kirk L. Perry, J. W. Johnson and W. J. Darby, the latter of whom is secretary of the club. A large number of the members of the club (who were distinguished from the other gentlemen present by a button, bearing the club device, on the lapels of their coats), were present, including F. H. McCausland, president; A. P. Taylor, vice-president; John Gerrie, captain; W. A. Hunter, treasurer; W. J Darby, secretary; A. Harston, G. M. Wells, H. Tinning, lieutenants; and Messrs. R. Galbraith, W. G. Mitchell, G. B. Toye, B. F. Nichols, Esten Fletcher, C. H. Riggs, W. Booth, S. Pearson, Fred Forster, J. Spence, C. and B. Morrison, K. L. Perry, H. R. O'Hara, F. J. Morphy, J. Norman Smith, T. C. Thomson, W. Lee, P. L. Bayley, J. W. Johnson, F. W. Johnston, F. McEachren, L. Nerlich, A. Knowlton, A. Ryan, H. Scott, Chas. Walker, H. York, Bert Browne, A. Brownlee, D. Dixon, L. and D. Merrick, P. Ross, G. D. McIlhardy, H. L. Clarke, W. E. Cassidy, E. and G. Maguire, M. Lucas, B. Robinson, Chas. Thomson, T. D. Simpson, J. Dyas, A. Doherty, S. Samuel, J. Meharg, W. Dunn, H. and C. Somers, F. Boxall, W. Fensome, J. Decks, J. Crofton, J. H. McAll, W. Bissell, F. C. Clemens, C. L. McMillan, A. Lyon, C. H. Riches, G. P. Shenkey and S. Johnson.

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Following is as nearly as possible a complete list of the guests: Miss Arksey, Mr. A. Ardagh, Mr. P. H. Atkinson, Mr. W. T. Allan, Mr. A. Aymong, Mr. H. Armstrong, Mr. A. E. Brownlee, Mr. F. Morgrave Baker, Mr. W. Bremner, Miss Brownlee, Mr. Geo. Bastedo, Mr. F. G. Brown, Mr. P. L. and Miss Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brown, Mr. J. Benning of Montreal, Mr. Geo. E. Boulter, Miss Burch, Mr. J. F. Boxall, Mr. H. W. Briggs, Miss Clara Bowden, Mr. H. Bastedo, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Britten, Miss Bugg, Miss Buchanan, Mr. G. A. Baker, Mr. William Booth, Mr. J. J. and Miss Bryson, Mr. E. A. and Miss Bell, Mr. J. F. Brown, Mr. W. H. Bissell, Miss Bissell, Mr. H. and Miss Bender, Mr. Bednell, Miss Becket, Miss E. Burnes, Miss Brimson, Miss B. Burkholder, Miss Bessey, Miss Burnes, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. James Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Chapman, Miss P. Collins, Miss M. Carlisle, Mr. George E. Carlisle, Miss Clayton, Mr. A. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cassidy, Miss Collins, Dr. Chambers, Mr. Paul Carmichael, Mr. C. Crawford, Mr. H. C. Coates, Mr. John Crofton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Miss Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Dr. Capon, Miss Capon, Mr. L. G. and Miss Christie, Mr. Charles Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clarke, Mr. John Carrick, Mr. G. Dunn, Mr. M. Dubois, Mr. W. E. Davidson, Mr. Fred Dunn, Mr. C. A. Davis, Mr. W. F. Dineen, Miss Davidson, Mrs. W. Dineen, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Miss B. Dunn, Mr. J. F. Decks, Miss Dixon, Miss Dyas, Miss Darby, Miss Dunn, Miss Martha Dixon, Mr. John Dyas, Mrs. T. W. Dyas, Mr. F. C. Daniels, Mr. A. Doherty, Mr. Fred Dixon, Miss C. Devaney, Mrs. C. B. Doherty, Mr. T. F. Dick of Hamilton, Mr. John Ellis, Mr. D. and Miss Eagan, Miss Essery, Miss M. Fraser, Mr. Harry and Miss Fraser, Miss Fice and Mr. C. E. Fice, Miss N. Fleming of Mount Forest, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Fred Foster, Miss Foster, Mrs. E. A. Fletcher, Miss E. Furby, Miss M. Fullerton, Miss Forbes, Mr. J. H. Gerrie, Mr. T. Gibbard, Miss Glover, Mr. J. F. Gray, Mr. James B. Giffen, Miss Galer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon, Mr. R. G. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gianelli, Miss L. Graham, Mr. E. A. Goodman, Mr. J. H. Grant, Mr. W. Gale, Mr. T. J. Greene, Mr. E. Gross of Whitby, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Hubbell, Misses Hirst, Mr. Wm. Hallam, Miss Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Wessley Hoar, Mr. W. H. Hyslop, Mr. J. A. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Higman, Mr. John Herson, Mr. J. S. and Miss Hunter, Mr. J. Home, Mr. F. J. Holland, Mr. George Hyslop, Miss Herson, Miss N. Hirst, Miss R. Hunter, Miss Bella Hall of Chicago, Mr. C. C. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hurst, Mr. Alexander and Miss Hood, Miss Hatton, Miss M Hanbridge, Miss M. Hunter, Miss Henderon, Mr. W. Hawke, Miss Tena Hay, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Irwin, Miss A. Johnston, Mrs. Jacobi, Miss Johnston, Miss Irving, Mr. S. Johnson, the Misses Johnson, Miss Jacobi, Miss Jaynes, Miss M. Jacobi, Dr. E. E. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Kidner, Miss Kranz of Berlin, Mr. W. E. Kain, Miss King, Mrs. A. Lovelace, Captain and Mrs. A. B. Lee, jr., Miss Edna Lee, Mr. M. F. Lucas, Mr. C. Lucas, Mr. J. Logan, Mr. W. H. Leeson, Mr. W. Lambers, Miss L. e, Miss Kate Lamont of Chatham; Mr. T. A. Lyon, Mr. C. and Miss Lennox, Mr. C. H. Lucas, Mr. R. J. Lovell, Mr. Geo. J. Little, Mr. A. L. Lyon, Miss L. Luke, Mr. E. A. Lye, Miss Lockington, Mrs. Miller, Miss E. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May, Mr. Robert A. Morrison, Miss M. McGuire, Mr. Geo. F. and Mrs. McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. M. McPherson, Mrs. James Morrison, Mr. E. W. McIntyre, Miss A. Murry, Miss A. Money, Misses McDermid, Miss McKeow of Montreal, Mr. Hugh C. McLean, Mr. T. Maguire, Mr. F. and Misses McEachren, Miss L. McGillivray of Chicago, Miss Meharg, Mr. H. C. McCuaig, Mr. W. McMann, Mr. R. and Mis Mackie of Port Hope, Miss Macfarlane, Mrs. J. Madden, Mr. (W. Meharg, Miss Morphy, Mr. George McKee, Miss L. McKinnon, Miss McKay, Mr. A. 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Patterson, the Misses Platts, Mrs. Pender, Mr. W. G. Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. F. Qua, Miss N. Reid, Mr. P. F. Ross, Mr. G. M. Rose, jr., Miss Ryder, Miss May Ridley, Miss Reid, Mr. J. F. Ross, Mr. B. and Miss K. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mr. B. Robinson, Mr. A. W. Reid, Miss N. Roblin of Berlin, Mr. D. C. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Rose, Mr. G. M. Rose, Mr. H. N. Roy of Peterborough, Mr. C. H. Riches, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Riggs, Miss Rordans, Miss Robinson, Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Miss Sinclair, Messrs. H. and C. Somers, Miss Severs, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith, Mr. G. F. Sinclair, Miss Sutherland of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Smith, Mr. C. B. and Miss Stanbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Spence, Miss Sanders, Miss Sutherland of Hamilton, Miss Stuart, Mr. J. H. Sinclair, Miss Smith, Mr. L. A. Stewart, Mr. A. Shaw, Mr. D. and Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. Simpson, Miss Strong, Mr. G. B. Smith, M. P. P., and Miss Smith, Mr. F. J. R. Seaver, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith, the Misses Stone, Mr. H. J. Simmers, Mr. F. Skerrett of Hamilton, Miss R. Smith, Mr. T. D. Simpson, Dr. Stacey, Mr. A. H. Straton of Peterborough, Miss Mabel Strong, Mr. C. Strong, Mr. H. S. Scott, Miss J. Sutherland, Mr. V. B. Sheppard, Miss Somers, Miss Clara Stevens, Miss L. Sanders of Port Hope, Mrs. G. R. Shambroke of Hamilton, Miss L. Tagart, Mr. and Mrs. F. Tinning, Dr. Trow, Mr. A. Trotter, Mr. H. Tinning, Mr. Geo. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tipping, Mr. W. A. Thompson, Mrs. J. A. and Miss Taylor, Miss J. Thomson, Mr. Charles and Miss Thomson, Mr. G. and Miss Toye, Mr. H. R. Tilley, Mr. Walter Thomas, Miss Vale, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Verner, Mr. L. M. Vanstone, Miss A. Vale, Miss Vansickle, Mr. A. Wills and the Misses Wills, Mr. G. M. Wells, Mr. J. K. Wallace, Mr. H. J. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Warwick, Miss A. Wylie, Miss L. Walls (Chicago), Miss A. Wills, Miss N. Wills, Mr. George Wheeler, Mr. Fred J. and Miss Whatmough, Mr. E. A. Whitehead, Mr. R. Wylie, jr., Miss B. Wylie, Mr. H. Watkin, Mr. J. W. Williamson, Mr. F. Woodland, Mr. C. A. Walker, Mr. Frank Wells, Mr. A. C. Winton, Miss Weston, Miss Emily Webling, Miss G. Williams, Miss M. Young, Mr. H. York, Mr. W. S. Ziller, and Mr. J. A. Zimmerman of Hamilton.

*

Mr. Hugh Aird having been appointed to the responsible position of assistant manager of the Massey-Harris Company, his office associates took advantage of the occasion and presented him with an address, accompanied with a handsome silver salver in token of the high esteem in which he has been held by each and all of them. There were present at the presentation Mr. H. A. Massey, president; Mr. W. C. H. Massey, manager sales department; Mr. Sheristone, secretary; Mr. Harmer, Mr. J. B. Harris; cashier; Mr. Johnston, superintendent; Mr. T. A. Fleming, accountant; Mr. Durand, manager collection department; Mr. Russell, chief clerk of the superintendent's office. Mr. Aird carries with him to Montreal, his headquarters, the best wishes of his many friends.

*

Miss Annie Harrison of this city has graduated at Brooklyn Hospital, taking gold medal and honors. She will continue the study of medicine in New York for the present.

*

Mr. Gerald Donaldson, as president of the West-End Amateur Dramatic Club, has gathered his forces together and they are at present rehearsing a new play, which we hope will soon be put before the public.

*

Miss Edyth Lindsay, one of Detroit's most charming *debutantes*, who has been visiting Miss Parsons of Jarvis street for several weeks, left for home on Saturday. While in town she made hosts of friends and will be greatly missed.

*

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston of Grosvenor street, and Mrs. Wilfred Schreiber of Allandale, have been spending a week at Ottawa, the guests of Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber.

*

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Tuesday at Sunnyside, Barrie, the residence of Mrs. Baker, by the Young People's Whist Club, nearly all the members being present. Those there were the Misses Brydon, Bird, Housby, McCarthy, Cotter, Reiner, Dyment, Stewart, Holmes, Boys, and the Messrs. Stewart, Boys, McKenzie, Choppin, Checkley, Giles and Hornsby.

*

Mrs. Lapham is visiting her parents, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy.

*

Mrs. Ellis of Dundas street held a very pleasant reception at her house on Saturday evening last. Among the number present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Enale, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Mr. and Miss McKenzie, Miss Milligan and others.

*

Some of the New Year's decorations bestowed by the Queen will have special interest for Canadian readers. Among others of the honored ones was Major Henry Poingdestre Leigh of the Indian Staff Corps, who was made a Companion of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian service. Major Leigh, whose promotion has been rapid, is nephew of Mr. Edward Leigh of the Crown Lands Department, Ontario, and brother of the late Leonard Edward Leigh, formerly of Toronto.

*

Miss Maddison of 106 St. George street gave a very large progressive euchre party and dance last Thursday evening.

*

Miss White and Miss Stinson are the guests of Mrs. Charles Warwick of 53 Winchester street.

*

Mrs. Bendelari gives a tea this afternoon in honor of Miss Gertie Rennie of Hamilton, who is visiting her.

*

Miss Tinning of 46 Murray street gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party on Thursday evening. The prizes were extremely tasteful, and were the work of the fair hostess herself.

*

A very successful concert was held on Monday evening in connection with the Methodist church at Bradford. Miss Jessie Alexander won rounds of applause and was extremely generous in the number of her selections. Miss Shipe, contralto, of Parkdale, sang several numbers, and was repeatedly recalled. She has a sweet voice with much expression, and uses it well. Mr. C. W. Baxter, tenor, of Toronto, was also well received, and made a favorable impression on the audience. The duet Maying, sung by Miss Shipe and Mr. Baxter, was much appreciated. The accompaniments were played by Miss Broughton of Bradford in a very efficient manner.

*

Mrs. J. Fisher Eby of Bloor street west was At Home to a number of friends on January 15.

*

Miss Hall of Chicago is visiting friends in Toronto.

*

Mr. Walter T. McLay of Woodstock has left the University, having been appointed lecturer in moderns at the Vancouver College, British Columbia. Mr. McLay has left a number of friends in Toronto, who heartily wish him success.

*

The Bishop of Toronto left on Thursday for a visit of several months in the Old Country.

*

On Wednesday evening, January 5, at the residence of ex-Mayor Doran, East avenue, Hamilton, Miss Evelyn Doran gave a dance in honor of Miss Z. Hare of Toronto, who has been on a visit to her during the Christmas holidays. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

*

A charming dance was given by Mrs. Guy Warwick on Tuesday last, in honor of her guests, Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. Shambrook, at her residence Sunny Holme, 24 Bloor street east. The conformation of Sunny Holme lends itself to the purposes of entertaining with unusual facility, and the delightful arrangement of *tete-a-tete* corners and the plentiful embellishments with palms and fragrant flowers converted the hospitable residence into a most elegant ball-room. Several *chic* costumes were noticed. Among them Mrs. Macpherson, gray silk and silver, with violet *crepon*; Mrs. Shambrook, black lace and pink roses; Miss Davidson, pink *crepon*; Miss Rutter, Nile green *crepon* with moss green trimmings; Mrs. F. Cox, black lace spangled with gold; the Misses White and Stinson of Woodstock, white and pale yellow respectively; the hostess wore a very stylish costume of cream Bedford cord, with topes jeweled passementerie. The guests were: Mesdames Maddison, C. Warwick, E. and F. Cox, Oliphant and Greene, and the Misses Davidson, Scales, B. Wylie, A. Wylie, Gurney, White, Stinson, Rutter, Kennedy, Milne, Murphy, Dyas and Nettie Stewart, Messrs. F. and R. Waddell, Birley and Davies of Hamilton, Messrs. Maddison, E. and F. Cox, Dr. Oliphant, Mason, Ross, McLean, Dr. Capon, Rutter, E. T. Malone, Murphy, Pinkerton, McNaughton, Sinclair, Greene, Marlatt, Strowger and Hunter.

*

Miss Westlake of 534 Church street gave an informal evening in honor of Miss E. Pauline Johnson last Monday. A number of literary people were present, and several hours were delightfully spent in social intercourse.

*

At Ottawa recently Miss Laura McGillivray, assisted by several other talented Torontonians, gave a dramatic recital. In a monologue entitled a Closed Door, especially she gave evidence of a wide histrionic sympathy and of fine dramatic insight.

*

Mrs. R. H. Greene of St. Joseph street gave a pretty pink and white luncheon to some of her lady friends on January 16. Her guests were Mesdames Jacques, Eaton, Shambrook, McPherson, Warwick and the Misses McLeod and McKenzie.

*

Miss Saunders and Miss Maud Mackin of Port Hope are visiting friends in the city.

*

Mrs. Herbert Mason received her friends at afternoon tea one day lately.

*

One of the most genial and charming of Toronto's many hostesses has been called away by death, namely, the esteemed wife of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor Hon. John Beverley Robinson. Those who had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Robinson can

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Hints for Headgear.

VERY pretty theater bonnet can be made of gold braid passementerie, wire and cabuchons of colored stones. A Marguerite of the passementerie forms the top, belted with rows of passementerie to the depth desired for the crown. Then a number of long loops five or six inches deep are radiated from the crown to form a flat sailor brim, and which are joined and kept in place by jewels, studded here and there between them. Wherever the loops on the crown or brim are joined a jewel is put, and the whole effect is brilliant and airy. The wire running under the braid allows the brim being bent and curved at the back over the semi-raised coil of hair. Any smart girl can make herself a modish and charming opera headgear but it is no protection against cool draughts. A garland of pink roses is laid round the crown.

•

Persian lamb always has been and doubtless always will continue to be regarded as one of the richest and most effective furs worn. Elderly ladies find much comfort in it for their wraps and for dress trimming, leaving long-haired furs to those of fresher face and figure. Youthful women have, however, found that no fur will make so superb a Tudor cape as the Persian lamb, and for those garments it is now being utilized to a great extent. A long-skirted Tudor cape of Persian lamb is a costly wrap, but handsome beyond compare. The English furriers, who certainly prepare the finest skins and patterns for garments in the world, have introduced a pretty fancy in connection with the small collar boas now so universally worn. The little mink, sable, skunk, and Persian lamb animals, in the shape of which the collar boas are made, have been hitherto given blood-red mouths, glassy eyes, and unpleasantly realistic claws. These the English makers have improved by fitting dull or polished gold eyes and claws, and lining the tiny mouths with gold.

•

Along with the Hading veil appears another old friend that three or four years ago enjoyed such a season of popularity as rarely falls to one single fashion. This fancy rejuvenated is the Psyche knot, that only a few months back made its appearance in Paris. *Debutantes* were the first to assume the well known spiral head-dress in New York, and at the numerous coming-out teas the Psyche knot was the most noticeable and interesting feature of the charming, girlish toilets. As of old, the hair, very much crimped, is drawn back from the temples and wound out in a cone-shaped coil just on a level with the eyebrows. Only a practiced hand may twist a perfect cone-coil, into the pointed end of which is stuck a cluster of tight little curls, and sometimes a row of little curls sprout unnaturally about the base of the knot. A second type of knot is made by banding the coil about with velvet ribbon and running a fillet of ribbon around the crown of the head. Notwithstanding the fact that we know all the extravagances of the Psyche knot, and agree that on some few delicately shaped heads it gives a charming effect, its return is to be regretted. False hair, always false in appearance, no matter how carefully arranged, must be called in to aid the making of a perfect knot, and thereby much of the charm of the whole is lost. Far more gracious, girlish, and appropriate is a late semi-revival of an old style fashion of hair-dressing only recently adopted by young women. No distinctive name has yet been given to it, but since the high round combs of seventy years ago are an important feature of it, we might employ the title, Colonial Head Dress. For this the hair is parted straight from brow to crown and drawn smoothly back to about where a Psyche knot begins. Here, in place of the cone-shaped coil, it is softly puffed and folded, and held in place with a high-backed, curved, tortoise-shell comb. Only a few feathery curls rest on the forehead, and if the brow is high, white, smooth, and well shaped, it is prettiest to wear all the hair drawn off it.

•

The very newest things in the way of theater bonnets show the merest outline of sable, fitting the head in oval shape. Irish point or black Venince lace is used to half-cover over the top, which has a *diamant* ornament in front and one tiny rosette of satin ribbon in the back. Narrow satin ribbons, either white or colored, form the strings that are brought under the chin and fastened upon the left side with another rosette, from which hang streamers. Velvet pansies, violets, and gardenias, imitated in kid, are in vogue; also, a single frosty-headed chrysanthemum crushed into the folds of the velvet turban it decorates. Geranium pink velvet is the best liked shade for combining with the furs that have carried all before them in bonnet decoration this season.

•

Hair-dressers are at war as to coming styles, and to settle the matter, the ladies themselves have decided to do as they please. Therefore we see the hair dressed in every imaginable style. One new model shows the hair massed on the very top of the head, the front adjusted a little, soft rings over the forehead, and the hair in the back of the neck drawn down, trimmed and curled in a simple fringe. Girls are again wearing their hair loose flowing over the shoulders. Just how appropriate this may be is a question. It certainly looks untidy, and is becoming to but few faces.

•

There is a great deal of common sense in what we might call ordinary, every-day dressing just now. Plain, serviceable materials are used, the cut of the dress gives more attention to comfort, and has much more regard for health than many of the styles heretofore used. If one might except the long skirts, it may be said that fashion has reached a state which is highly commendable; but the American woman of to-day cares a great deal more for her own comfort and convenience than she does for the latest fad in fashions; therefore the long skirt on the street is by no means the rule. A careful note of the best dressed women will show quite as many skirts without trains as with, and those who wear long skirts take pains to raise them while out of doors. The most popular mater'als for the street are camel's hair, serge, Henrietta cloth, a few grades of mohair and cloth of light weight. The latter material is almost always made up in a rather severe tailor fashion, the basque or half-long coat having stitched edges, square pocket lids and either a plain, close-fitting co lar or some stylish arrangement of turned-over collar rolled back at the front and faced, or a double-breasted front with two rows of fairly large-sized buttons. A few waists are made up on the bias, but this is by no means the rule. A pretty and stylish costume has the fronts and under arm-pieces cut on the bias, while the side-forms and the back are straight. This is a task, however, that the amateur or the less experienced dressmaker will do well to leave alone. But few women have the experience, tact, talent, or what you will to create a perfectly fitting garment of this sort. Indeed, the average first-class dressmaker, so-called, makes sorry work of such a job.

•

The three fourths-length jacket is usually of camel's hair or moderately heavy, smooth cloth. There are two styles of this garment: one has a high standing collar, which gradually turns off at the upper corners, the fronts meeting quite high about the throat. This style is usually finished with rather elaborate fine braiding around the collar and shoulders; in some cases the braid extends down the front of the garment to the hem. The collar and fronts are lined with silk, as are also the sleeves, the latter being almost a necessity if one would experience any comfort in putting the garment on and off. Some styles of this garment are, however, perfectly plain; the edges are stitched or may have a narrow line of fur as a finish. Another style has a high collar, which is in some cases entirely of fur, a wide, double-breasted front fastened with an elaborate ornament, which extends almost to the sleeve, wide cuffs with fur bands, and an edging of fur down the front. Military capes are shown in several styles, those most approved having close-fitting backs, plain fronts, slightly gathered shoulders and the regulation military collar.

LA MODE.

Gymnastics for Women.

The physical and mental well fare of women to-day attracts more attention than ever before in the history of the world. Fads are continually being seized on, have their vogue and pass away and sometimes leave good effects. Delsartean, Jenness-Millerism and other methods of woman's bodily reform are at present doing good work for the race, and bespeak a healthier generation of children during the next ten years. The latest reformer is an American, Miss Laura Giddings, who upholds physical culture or lighter gymnastics for women, and has a great deal of common sense, and the writer considers herself justified in saying a few words to SATURDAY NIGHT's women readers about Miss Giddings and her opinions.

Miss Giddings is not an advocate of heavy gymnastics, but contends that through a series of exercises arranged with a view to harmonious development of the entire body, both grace and strength can be attained. Is a woman flat-chested, round-shouldered, angular, awkward? She can, according to Miss Giddings' ideas, correct all of these defects by varied but simple movements which are entirely independent of all mechanical appliances.

The flat-chested woman is so, Miss Gidding avers, because she does not stand correctly. "Notice the difference my attitude makes in my appearance," was her remark, and drawing the shoulders forward, depressing the chest, the erect, graceful figure of a young, well formed woman became upon the instant misshapen and bent. "Upon the art of standing correctly," continued Miss Giddings, "depends largely the health and grace of the person. If the chest is held erect, all the organs of the body are lifted into correct position, and a stimulus is given to the entire being. The reason so many women grow abdominous and mis-shapen, when the grace of youth should still be theirs, is because instead of poising the body as nature meant that it should be poised, they throw the shoulders back, settle the weight upon the heels, and by violation of nature's laws deform the entire body."

"What would you do, Miss Giddings, with a woman with protruding abdomen and abnormal flesh?" "This"—and rising to her full height Miss Giddings held her chest erect and, drawing back the abdomen, lightly poised herself upon the balls of her feet.

"And will such an exercise actually make a stout, ugly figure graceful?" was our next query. "Most assuredly," was the prompt response. "I have seen the change in an incredible space of time the appearance of the entire person; when a woman learns to carry herself correctly, she walks, too, with greater ease and moves with a grace and freedom she never experienced before. Most women walk with an effort painful to witness. Notice them upon the popular promenade of any city; with depressed chests, huddled shoulders, rounded backs, they file by in un varying procession. Let them learn to poise the body correctly, to hold the chest in proper position, to walk according to nature's ideals, and see what a wondrous transformation is wrought in health, appearance and movement."

"Does this work appeal especially to stout women? What can it do for young girls?"

"It can fill out hollows, correct angularities, round slender limbs, in a word, aid nature in her work, and this, too, without giving exercises which confine the young girl in the very habits of awkwardness from which physical practice should emancipate her. Too many of our modern systems of so-called physical culture do, indeed, develop muscle, but at the expense of the grace which it is the inherent right of every young woman to possess. Often young women are found who can perform most gracefully with dumb-bells, Indian clubs and other mechanical aids, but who are painfully awkward and self-conscious when seen independent of the influences of the gymnasium. It is often found, too, that while the use of apparatus develops the muscular system it does so at the sacrifice of physical beauty. Muscles which stand out like whip-cords all over the body may be a source of pride to the athlete, but they are rarely indications of harmonious development. Often has a mother come to me asking if, in my system, anything could be done to take out of her daughter's neck the ugly hollows which the muscular protuberances of the chest made painfully conspicuous, and she has been amazed to find how simple an exercise could overcome so serious a blemish."

"What exercises would you give to develop a pretty neck?" I asked, with special reference to some necks we remembered. "This," and placing her fingers upon her firm, well developed neck, Miss Giddings drew in a deep, long breath, and by some mysterious action of the vocal chords even her shapely neck grew fuller and apparently plumper. "That exercise, faithfully practiced, will, I know," she averred, "make the scrawniest neck round and beautiful. Even thin women," she continued, "can improve the appearance of the neck by holding the chest active; it can, moreover, be developed by certain movements calculated especially to affect its muscles," and twisting her head in innumerable positions, Miss Giddings showed how freedom, grace and strength can be simultaneously gained.

"This last exercise," she said, as she ceased the rotary motions of the head, "gives a certain regal carriage to the head, in which are allied both dignity and grace. You see," she went on, "in all my exercises I lay great stress upon grace, for grace means beauty, and beauty means health, and health means happiness. It is a mistake to affirm that only ugly things are good. When we understand the divinity of beauty we shall be nearer to comprehending God's grandeur than we have yet been yet. Those wiseacres who sneer at esthetic physical culture are ignorant of nature's greatest laws. The Greeks alone, of the people of history, have comprehended the possibilities of physical beauty. In all their physical practice they aimed at synthetic development. Those muscles were exercised together which had an affinity for each other, and one great central thought gave impulse to all action."

"Do you not believe that the stress you put upon grace will tend to make women self-conscious?"

"Certainly not," was Miss Giddings' ready reply. "Self-consciousness is the affectation of ignorance. The young woman who learns to know the mysteries of her complex being is lifted above the superficial manners of one to whom physical culture is but a synonym of sensuous charm. I aim to make my pupils natural according to nature's ideals, and all exercises are discarded which can in any wise create rigidity of muscle or constraint in motion, and my highest endeavor is to make each student see in physical practice what a great writer affirms the Greeks saw in it: 'to whom,' he writes, 'the fleshly vehicle was a means of leading the soul on to what is eternally and imperishably beautiful.'"

Miss Giddings is certainly well calculated to impress people with a belief in the superiority of her methods, for she embodies in her own person the ideas she advances, and shows in a graceful, well developed figure that grace and muscle can be attained without any apparatus other than that furnished by nature.

JEANNE D'ARC.

Extreme Provocation.

Old Gentleman.—Dear, dear, aren't you boys ashamed to be fighting!

Small Boy.—It wuz all his fault—he said me fader wuz a Mugwump!

Poor, Dear Man!

Mrs. Grogan—An' is 't th' roomatics thot's ailin' Hogan!

Mrs. Hogan—No. He shpraint his back lasht avenin' trylin' t' t'row me out th' windy; poor, dear man!

She Intended To.

"Keep a stiff upper lip," said Miss Bleecker to her friend Miss Emerson of Boston.

"Yes," replied the latter; "I intend to maintain a superior labial rigidity."

Blasting—125th Street.

Hogan—Look at th' dood wid his cigarette along o' the powdher can! Hi, there!

Grogan—Lave um be, Dinny, lave um be. Pfwat right has the lolkes of us to interfere wid Providence?

Too Nude.

Monsieur de Lagarde—Pardonnez moi, mademoiselle, but I see not here many specimens of ze grand French art.

Miss Smith—Non, monsieur; not in the winter in this climate. They would take cold.

Fiction as an Educator.

John Churchill, Duke of Marlboro', the victorious general of Queen Anne's reign, used to boast that he learnt all the history he knew from Shakespeare's plays. We learn very much history from Scott and Thackeray. The sacred scenes of our Lord's life find expression in a novel. Mrs. H. Ward has used fiction to convey the latest theories of her theological school to the public mind. Slavery in the United States received its death-blow from Uncle Tom's Cabin. Dickens wrote to reform abuses, and h's reform bills were enwrapped in Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist. Delightful settings! Were they not?

Despite the condemnation of a certain class of religious enthusiasts, the novel has found a large place in the cultivating of both mind and heart. Who would not pray to be made like Colonel Newcome and unlike Mr. Peckniff? And is there not a wealth of moral issue in such a prayer?

Young people of this day and generation get more moral sentiment and training from fiction than from any other source outside of religious instruction. The good novel, like John Halifax, excites moral enthusiasm which has a life-long effect upon the impressible mind of the young.

Happy is that age and country in which the men and women may be found, who by "truth embodied in a tale, gibbet vice, can's, fraud and snobbishness of every kind;" who can teach us in the pages of their romance the truest womanhood, such as lived in Robert Elsmere's wife, the noblest manhood, as exemplified in Captain William Dobbin of Vanity Fair.

China and Japan.

Westward to the Far East, the new publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is, as will be surmised by the title, a guide to the countries of China and Japan. This little volume is replete with all information relative to such a journey, including maps, log record, short summary of the Japanese language, etc., and while giving some necessary statistics does not bore the reader by constant reference to figures, a custom so prevalent in the ordinary guide book. Any of our readers thinking of touring, or wishing to have a further knowledge of these unique yet beautiful countries, could not do better than peruse this work, as not only is the information vouched strictly reliable, but it refers the reader to the best authorities extant on all points where fuller detail may be required. Quite a feature of the guide is the summary of the Japanese tongue, which will be found amply sufficient to the ordinary tourist. Westward to the Far East is beautifully finished, the binding being especially artistic, and anyone wishing to obtain a copy should write or call upon Mr. W. R. Callaway, 113 King street west, who will be glad to furnish same.

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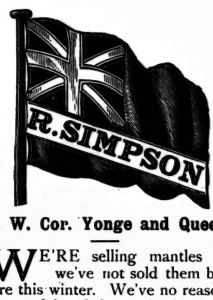

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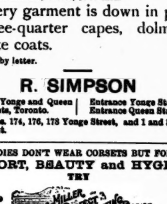

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CHAPTER XV.

A man and a woman rarely agree as to the merits of another woman, and despite the fact that Janet Dale and her brother were of one mind about most things, they fell out over Emily Baillie.

Perhaps Janet declined to be hoodwinked, and putting two and two together arrived at a conclusion not far from the actual truth.

It must not be supposed that Dr. Dale had lived to thirty years of age without any kind of love experience. But until now Janet had been his *confidante*, and into her sympathetic ears he had poured all his hopes and fears. Now for the first time she found herself left out in the cold, and it was not a pleasant sensation. Feeling her ground cautiously, she came to the conclusion that her brother had not as yet actually committed himself, but that things were in abeyance and that it rested in a great measure with herself to keep them so.

To do Janet justice she would never have allowed her own personal likes and dislikes to have swayed her in the matter if she could have brought herself to believe that a union with Miss Baillie would be conducive to the future happiness of her brother, but she did not believe it. She was a shrewd, clever girl and had gauged Emily at her right worth. "She shall not play fast and loose with my brother," she told herself resolutely.

"Don't you think her very beautiful, Janet?" Brother and sister were seated at the breakfast table the morning after Miss Baillie's visit.

"Yes, she is certainly a lovely woman, but I don't like her. There is something hollow and artificial about her."

"I am very much disappointed. I wanted you two girls to be friends.

"Why?" asked Janet bluntly.

Dr. Dale looked into his teacup with an air of embarrassment that was not lost upon his sister.

"Her life is a lonely one. She is out of her element in that house altogether."

"I can well believe that," said Janet, speaking in a dry tone that grated on her brother's ear. She had met Mrs. Armitage once in the street, and little Eva who had hold of her mother's hand, ran impulsively up to Dr. Dale; and then Mrs. Armitage had passed on, and ladies were presented to each other. Finding that they were going in the same direction they walked side by side, and although Janet was only ten minutes in Mrs. Armitage's company, she had been much struck with her gentle dignity and sweetness. And she felt certain that Emily Baillie was cast in another mould.

"I thought," continued Dr. Dale, "that you would have had tastes and pursuits in common."

"Then you were never more mistaken in your life. I doubt if we should agree upon a single subject. I am sorry you asked her to come again."

"And so am I if you have made up your mind to dislike her," said Dr. Dale, pushing his chair back and rising from h's scarcely tasted breakfast.

Janet could not keep back the tears that welled up in her eyes. "I do think," she said, "that we should fall out over such an absurdity. It is too ridiculous. He has had nothing to eat, and he will be out until late past one. It is too bad, indeed it is too bad."

Emily's first visit to Dr. Dale's sister was not a propitious one.

"Have I your permission to receive visitor?" asked Miss Baillie a day or two later.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Armitage, and then she hesitated. It was always difficult for her to find words in which to express herself. "I so much wish," she added kindly, "that I could make you feel more at home. I see that you are not happy and it troubles me. Your goodness to my darling and your long illness should have drawn us closer together. Will you not tell me how I can repay a little of the debt I owe you?"

Emily was mute. She felt herself such an arrant humbug—a living lie, and she hated herself for her duplicity and yet she knew that she was in the toils and that she must wear the mask a little longer. She could only say "I am unworthy of your interest in me. I have been deceiving you from the first. Mine has been a shameful past, and I am not even of good birth as you imagine." She reflected that she had obtained her situation through Lord Hardstock's instrumentality and in exposing herself she must also accuse him.

"Indeed you have always been most kind to me," she said at length, "and I am feeling quite well enough to return to my duties again and should be happier, I think, if you would allow me to do so."

"I am afraid of your overtaxing your strength, but you shall do as you like in the matter. When will your friend be coming to visit you? I ask because I will arrange that you shall have the drawing-room to yourselves."

"Thank you, that will be quite unnecessary. It is only Miss Dale, the doctor's sister, who is likely to come and see me. I called there the other day and she will probably return my visit."

And now Constance felt that she could read between the lines, and her heart beat with genuine delight. So the young people had fallen in love with each other! They would make a charming couple. And this, then, was the secret of the doctor's untiring interest and zeal in his case.

"I have met Miss Dale once," said Constance, "and I thought her a remarkably intelligent and pleasant girl."

"I cannot say I thought so. She struck me as being not only stupid but sullen."

"Perhaps Miss Janet does not relish the notion of a sister-in-law," thought Constance, somewhat puzzled to account for the irritability in Miss Baillie's manner and the ill-concealed tension in her tone. "She is not nearly so handsome as her brother," she remarked.

"In my opinion she is a fright. I do not know that I consider Dr. Dale a good-looking man—indeed, beyond the fact that he has beautiful eyes there is nothing remarkable about him one way or the other, but he is a gentleman and always courteous and polite."

"Yes, indeed he is. I liked him from the first, and as for Eva, he has quite won her heart. A man who will go out of his way to give pleasure to little children must have a kindly nature. He will make some lucky woman a very good husband."

"Don't you think there are other qualities requisite?" asked Emily with an air of amusement. She saw the error into which Constance had fallen and was bent on disabusing her mind. "Let me see. First he must be rich, or at all events well-to-do and able to keep his wife in comfort, and that I am persuaded is out of poor Dr. Dale's power."

Down went Constance's castles in the air. There was no mistaking the sincerity with which Miss Baillie aired her sentiments. If she had been ever so little interested in him she could never have spoken thus.

"There must also be a good deal of love," said Mrs. Armitage. "Money is not everything, although I grant it is a concomitant to happiness."

"I should think it was," cried Miss Baillie, shrugging her shoulders. "As far as I can judge it is the very basis of conjugal felicity. It is all very well to talk of love and affection, but when the money takes wings to itself, as the proverb says, they will follow very quickly."

"What shall we have *f r* to eat, eat, eat!
Will the love that you're so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

"Oh! is it a story!" cried a voice at the door. "Oh, Miss Baillie, are you well enough to tell stories again?"

Emily laughed. "Come here," she said, "and I will tell you about a beautiful lady who had two suitors for her hand. Now one of them was as ugly as an ape but he was rich, and the other was as handsome as Adonis but he had no money. Which do you think she chose?"

Eva looked uncertain. "The handsome one?" she risked.

"No, the rich one."

"Oh, and was she happy ever after?"

"Well you see the story stops there and so I don't know."

Miss Baillie lifted Eva in her arms and carried her off to the schoolroom, and Mrs. Armitage was left with a faint sensation of uneasiness stirring within her. Somehow Miss Baillie had shown herself in a new and altogether unfavorable light and Constance felt a little puzzled.

Miss Dale paid her visit, the conventional time having elapsed before she did so, and Emily with her little charge received her. The governess felt that the child would be a diversion and help to make things go smoothly, for she was perfectly aware that the doctor's sister did not approve of her, and indeed was altogether antagonistic, but she was hardly prepared for the tragic result of her manœuvres.

Having commented on that never falling topic—the weather, Miss Dale drew Eva to her side and began questioning her about her amusements and lessons.

"Oh, I don't learn now," answered the child. "Miss Baillie has been ill, you know, and Dr. Dale cured her. I think he liked doing it."

"Doctors are always glad when they make sick people well," said Janet in the same way as she would have said "a stitch in time saves nine," or "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Yes, I know, but my doctor was not glad when she was cured. I heard Dyne say so. Dyne said 'Miss Baillie's getting well too fast to please some folks.' There won't be any pills and physic any more, and there won't be no excuse."

"Eva, Miss Dale is not interested in hearing what that atrocious old busy body had to talk about."

Janet sat bolt upright in her chair, too incensed to allow herself to speak.

"I don't think Dyne liked my doctor," continued Eva, when the silence was becoming too awful, and either of the girls seemed as if they could break it. "She called him a 'poor fool of a man,' and said that 'anyone with half an eye could see that he would soon be taken in and done for. If—'"

"Eva, go to the nursery, and wait there until I come."

Something in Miss Baillie's tone conveyed to the child's mind that she was in disgrace, and she looked from one to the other appealingly.

Miss Dale rose with a great deal of dignity.

"Pray do not send the child away," she said. "I must say good afternoon now." And barely touching the tips of Emily's fingers she swept by her to the door.

Miss Baillie stood for several minutes uncertain whether there was more cause for anger or merriment, but the latter conquered, and she laughed aloud.

"You small firebrand. I wonder if you have any notion of the mischief you have done," said she, looking down at Eva, who was clinging to her skirts.

"I do not like her. Do you?" whispered the child.

"We ought to love everybody," answered Emily, with a vague recollection of her responsibilities as a governess. "It is wrong to dislike people who have done us no harm." All the same she cordially agreed with Eva's sentiments, and in her heart detested the doctor's sister.

"But I think I am even with her," she told herself, triumphantly. "She wrote to relish the aspect of affairs, and I only hope she won't be enlightened as to the truth of the matter." Nor was she. Janet Dale left West Kensington miserable and crestfallen. If the very servants had begun to gossip about the matter there was no longer any room for hope.

"Oh, how can men be so blind!" she said to herself. "Because that girl has a pretty face she can do as she likes, and worthier women, nobler and better in every way, must go to the wall unnoticed and unloved. It does seem unjust and unfair."

Now there was a certain Mary Mellish, a daughter of a physician in large practice living in Hampstead, whom Janet had selected from among her friends as a fitting wife for her brother. The young lady in question could not boast of any great amount of beauty, but she had a loving heart and a pair of capable, willing hands. She would make a helpmeet for Dr. Dale in the true sense of the word, and he had spoken warmly in her praise until Miss Baillie's baneful fatal fascination had crossed his path, and now he had eyes for no other woman.

Dr. Mellish was well advanced in years. It was more than likely that the young Dale became Mary's husband he would be taken into partnership by his father-in-law. To Janet's mind her brother was simply cutting his throat by throwing away such a chance.

"One thing is certain," she told herself. "Miss Baillie will not make her acquaintance with me a stepping-stone to the furtherance of her machinations, for if she calls again I shall not be at home. I simply refuse to know her."

CHAPTER XVI.

Early in June Constance went to Scarborough.

"I think we shall be all the better for the change," she said to Miss Baillie, "and Scarborough will be less crowded now than later on, and if for one shall enjoy it more. Arthur will not have his holidays until August, so it is no use waiting for him."

Emily, of course, acquiesced, although she would infinitely have preferred to remain in London. However delightful Scarborough might be, it could have no charms for her since she would be separated from Lord Hardstock, and the idea was intolerable to her.

Every month that wore itself away seemed to be widening the gap between them. She saw less and less of him and even in the stolen moments which she snatched now and again, she could not blind herself to the fact that he was not as passionately devoted to her as he had been. She had battled with the world too long to believe implicitly in the vows a man in the position of Lord Hardstock makes to a girl situated as she was, and yet she could not bring herself to doubt him. He had promised over and over again that he would marry her, and she felt that he could not be so base as to wish to cheat and trick her. She told herself as much with quivering lips and fast-beating heart.

When the day was fixed for their journey to Scarborough she wrote Lord Hardstock a hurried little note, begging him to make an appointment for the following evening, for she had much to say to him before she left London.

With a curl of his lip Lord Hardstock tossed the letter into the fire. Truth to tell, he was heartily sick of the whole business, and cursed the hour when he turned his steps towards the Ambassadours. The girl was really lovely in her way, and he had been very fond of her once, but that was months ago. His feelings had undergone a considerable modification since then, and now his principal thought was how it would be easiest to get rid of her.

Emily's letter remained unanswered and Emily herself was in a frantic state of suspense and torture. It was strange that he did not write. Could he have received the letter, or what could have happened? When the third evening came and still no word from him, she put Eva to bed half an hour earlier on the plea of being a bad headache, locked her bedroom door, slipped the key into her pocket, and stole softly downstairs She would risk finding him, for see him she must. She made her way to the Albany, but Lord Hardstock was not at home. The little dial above his door pointed to the word "out."

"I will wait," thought Emily, and started to go down the staircase. Suddenly she paused and hesitated. There was no one in sight. She knew that Lord Hardstock was in the habit of hiding his key underneath the mat. She had more than once seen him take it from there, and he had told her laughingly that it was safer there than in his pocket and less likely to be lost. In another moment she had it in her hand, swung the door open, laid the key back in its place beneath the mat and walked in. It was then eight o'clock. Nine struck, and ten, and eleven, and still he did not come.

Emily began to lose courage. But at length her quick ear caught a step, and she flew to the door, but fell back amazed—Lord Hardstock was not alone.

"Come in and have a brandy and soda," he was saying. "Oh nonsense, come in."

Emily shrank back, but the lamp which she had lit an hour ago was burning brightly, and escape was impossible.

There was nothing for it but to face the position boldly and get her self out of an unpleasant scrape as best she might.

"You are surprised to see me," she said coolly, advancing with outstretched hand, "and you must wonder what has brought me here. But if you will come back with me my mother will explain; she has important news for you."

"Ah! I ought to have seen Aunt Lydia today. It was very careless of me not to have called. Hastings, let me introduce you to my cousin. Miss Lile—Major Hastings."

Emily bowed graciously, thankful that Lord Hardstock had accepted his cue.

"I had no idea that you would be so late," she continued. "I have been here for hours. It was a lovely evening, and I thought I might as well walk here and deliver my mother's message as write to you."

"It is very late," murmured Lord Hardstock. "It's quest took the him. "I told you I did not want anything, my dear Hardstock, but you would have me come in." He shook hands with Emily, and a minute later could be heard clattering down the stone staircase.

Until his footsteps died away not a word did Lord Hardstock speak, and then he turned to the unfortunate girl with so much anger and indeed hatred on his face, that instinctively she put out her hands to ward him off.

"It is most unfortunate. I am so sorry," she said.

"Upon my word you must have parted with the last grain of common sense. To come here at this hour of the night and force yourself into my rooms. I am disgusted with your shamelessness. You don't suppose that Hastings was taken in by that pretty little story for a single instant, do you? My cousin, and therefore presumably a lady, would never have been permitted to visit a bachelor alone at this hour of the night. I suppose you did not think of that. After all, how should you know how women in my rank of life act?"

"I thought I carried it off very well. I am sure he swallowed it all."

Lord Hardstock laughed noisily. He had been drinking and he had been playing ecarte, and losing heavily, and was in a vile temper.

"I am about sick of this sort of thing," he said in a blustering tone. "You are rapidly curing me of your fancy I ever had for you; and perhaps it is better that there should be an end put to it once and for ever."

All color faded from Emily's face, and she stood before the man she loved absolutely voiceless. Lord Hardstock turned away and with great deliberation struck a match to light his cigar.

"May I ask if you intend to return to West Kensington to-night, as it is close on twelve o'clock?"

A sob—half sigh, half moan, parted her lips, and the next instant she had fallen across his feet senseless. The man was not entirely a brute, and his conscience smote him as he lifted her gently and laid her on the sofa. And when the bright eyes opened and sought his, and the warm arms drew him down to her, he yielded as he had yielded before and would yield again.

"Forgive me, dear," she whispered, and she looked so white and helpless that he had not the heart to say another word.

"You must go home at once," he said kindly. "But how are you to get in? I suppose nobody knows that you have left the house."

"Put me into a cab," she whispered. "I will manage the rest." And only too glad to have the matter arranged without his intervention, Lord Hardstock hastened to do her bidding.

"Write to tell me how things turn out."

"I will. Kiss me, Rupert, and call me your own little wife."

For a second he hesitated, then he took her in his arms and kissed her twice, thrice, not grudgingly, although in his heart there was not an iota of real love for her. And then he drew her arm through his and walked out with her to the hansom. He gave the West Kensington address to the driver, but three minutes later Miss Baillie pushed open the little trap door.

"Drive me to 14 Grafton road," she said, "and stop at the surgery door round the corner." She had determined to throw herself upon Dr. Dale's protection.

Late though it was a light was burning in the surgery, and when she had paid and dismissed the cab she tapped gently on the window, but no response came she knocked softly at the door. It opened almost instantly.

"You—good heavens!" cried Dr. Dale. "What has happened?" He followed her into the little room, locked the door, and drew a heavy curtain over it with hands that trembled and shook.

"What on earth am I to say?" thought Emily. "Some sort of explanation must be given." But while she reflected Dr. Dale flung himself by her side and bowed his head upon his shaking hands.

"What a villain you must think me. I could not help it—I mean, it did not seem to be possible—" then he broke off abruptly.

At first Emily actually believed that he had gone mad, but by and by something of the truth dawned upon her and she snatched at it gratefully—greedily.

"I did not do it with actual intent to bring you into my presence," cried the agitated man. "I hardly believed that my influence was strong enough." And then he pointed to a pile of books on hypnotism and mesmerism. "Most of those writers maintain," said he, "that it is only a question of practice how soon one can compel a subject to abject obedience and blind submission to our will. Had you were not your thoughts concentrated on me, your personality merged as it were in mine, and you no longer a breathing, living, separate being, but forced to think with my mind and see with my eyes?"

"Yes," murmured Emily, "it was so."

"I called you and you came. It is wonderful!"

"And now that I am here at your bidding, how am I to get back?" She was thinking how marvellously lucky she had been, and since Dr. Dale believed himself responsible for her mad act of to-night, it was he that must get her out of the scrape. So she lay back in her chair smiling sweetly, while the unlucky doctor racked his brains. "You are sure you do not feel ill?" he asked anxiously.

"I feel languid and sleepy," she answered with a yawn. And it was little to be wondered at that she should.

"I don't think it would be wise to trust Janet," he hazarded.

"Oh, no," cried Emily impulsively, "certainly not. Let us think of some other way."

"Have you any idea whether you closed the front door after you?"

"No," answered Emily, shaking her head. "I can remember nothing."

"Well, this will teach me a lesson I shall remember all my life. Never again will I medicine with a chance which I really know nothing." The despair of the doctor's tone was so very comical that the girl could not help smiling. "You have a hopeless task to give you." Would it be strange if you had come to me for advice and been taken ill here?"

"I am afraid it would seem rather odd."

"What is to be done? Is there no one in the household you could trust?"

At that moment the surgery bell was rung loudly and Emily sprang to her feet in dismay.

"Sit still. There is no hing to be frightened of." Dr. Dale went to the door and returned with an air of satisfaction.

"Nothing could have happened more providentially," he cried. "Mrs. Armitage has sent over for some laudanum. She has had the earache so badly that she has not been to bed at all, and is suffering a great deal of pain. I will give a bottle to Dyne and tell her I will look in myself, and if she will hurry back with it I will follow. Then I will take care that the door is left open."

So Miss Baillie gained her room in perfect safety and not a soul suspected she had been absent. For once Dyne had served her a good turn. That uncompromising individual was to be left in charge of the surgery while Mrs. Armitage's absence, and had arrived at West Kensington that same afternoon. Constance had been the recipient of many tirades of her old enemy, and as the pain grew worse she went upstairs at last to Dyne and begged her to go to the nearest chemist's and endeavor to procure a little laudanum. But Dyne had had some experience of rousing up the inmates of a household from their first sleep and had no intention of wasting her time in any such proceeding, so she just walked round the corner of the street into Grafton road, and sending in to the surgery promptly rang the doctor's bell, with what happy result we know. Constance was vexed that Dyne should have fetched the doctor for so trifling an ailment, but he assured her that he was only too happy to be of service to her.

"Thank heaven for small mercies," cried Dr. Dale, when at length he found himself back in his surgery. "What in the world we should have done but for this lucky accident I hardly dare to think. Poor girl, how frightened she was. It has been a curious experience. She must be an extremely sensitive subject I should imagine, otherwise hypnotization would have been impossible, I feel assured. But interesting as the theory of mesmerism undoubtedly is, I should be positively afraid to dabble further in it after to-night's uncanny work."

Safe between the sheets, Miss Baillie laughed softly. "The devil's own luck," she said, "and nothing but a little assistance from his Satanic Majesty would ever have got me out of an ugly mess to-night." And when she thought of Dr. Dale she said: "What fools most men are. I could twist that man round my finger, and should not hesitate to do so if I thought it advisable."

(To be Continued.)

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The Doctor's Tale.

It is thirty years since I put my shingle up. I had a very little money, so had Matilda; we were desperately in love with each other—so much so that we really could not afford to wait; so Matilda and I got married. I lay in wait for patients behind my office door. Like a hungry tiger (figuratively speaking) I cried aloud: "Ducky, ducky darling, come and be killed." But they did not come. The ducks—I mean the patients—merely said "Quack!" (figuratively speaking again), and passed me by. They evidently looked on my shingle as a danger signal. But I soon got a large practice among the poor, and those who could not or would not pay. They appointed me their body physician. I need hardly add that it was a purely honorary post.

Now, there was a rich old maiden lady who lived opposite us; she was an eccentric but charitable old woman, and her name was Glumper—Clarissa Glumper. There was no chance of a woman like that coming to me for advice. Dr. Dulle was her medical attendant; he seemed to be everybody's medical attendant that was worth attending. My blood used to boil within me with indignation whenever I saw his mud-bespattered carriage and pair tearing about the neighborhood.

One afternoon, I saw Dr. Dulle's coachman pull up at Miss Glumper's door, and Matilda watched him through the blind.

"Jack," she said excitedly, "he's only stopped five minutes; I timed him; and, oh, Jack! when he came out, he was as red as a turkey-cock. Perhaps he's apoplectic," added Matilda, with a wistful sigh. "Oh, Jack!" cried my wife, after an interval of a few moments, "there's the footman going postheste for the medicine," and then she suddenly clutched my wrist, her face grew ashy pale, and she hissed in a hoarse whisper: "Oh, Jack! he's coming here. Quick—quick!" cried Matilda.

In an instant she had carefully regulated my cravat. There was a tremendous ring at the door. Of course, as ill-luck would have it, Mary, our servant, was out; so, my heart beating wildly, I opened the door myself, and tried to look as unconcerned as possible.

"You're to come across to the missus at once," said the pampered menial, in a patronizing tone.

"Is it very urgent?" I said, looking at my watch.

"It's a matter of life and death," said the man, with a vulgar grin, which I could not understand.

"I will attend to it immediately," I said.

I had been smoking, so I took some tincture of cloves, Matilda sprinkled my hair and whiskers with eau-de-Cologne, I thrust my instrument case into one pocket and my emergency case into the other, and then I tried to walk across the street in a dignified manner and, of course, failed miserably. The footman, who was awaiting my arrival, was still grinning maliciously; he ushered me at once into the drawing-room, where, by the fire, sat an old lady in black, sobbing bitterly. It was Miss Glumper—the great Miss Glumper herself.

"Are you the young man of the name of Pestle?" she said.

"I am Dr. Pestle, madam," I replied, in my haughtiest manner.

"Quite so, quite so; I am sure I beg your pardon, Dr. Pestle," said the old lady, sobbing copiously. "Dr. Pestle," she said very solemnly, "are you a man of the world?"

A mystery—evidently a mystery. "Madam," I began, "I have never divulged a professional secret——"

"We are wasting precious time, Dr. Pestle," said the old lady, interrupting me; "I believe her to be sinking fast. She's all I have in the world, doctor. You won't mind seeing her, will you, as a favor?"

"Madam," I began, "as a matter of common humanity——"

"She isn't human," she said.

The old lady was in deep grief, and she carefully lifted a shawl which covered something that lay upon the sofa. On the cushion was a fat pug-dog, panting convulsively.

"Dr. Pestle," cried the old lady, "only save my darling's life, and there's nothing I won't do for you! Is there hope?" she added, in a voice of agony.

"While there's life, there's hope, madam," I said oracularly.

I whipped out my emergency case and attempted to administer a remedy to my unfortunate patient. The beast tried to bite me at once.

"That's a good sign, madam," I said; "a capital sign. He'll require care, great care," I added, "the greatest possible care; but we must do what we can for him."

"Dr. Pestle," said Miss Glumper reprovingly, "Flora is a lady dog."

"Quite so, quite so, dear madam," I replied; "that's what renders the case so much more difficult. If, madam," I went on, "I can have her under my own eye I might be able to do a great deal for her," I said.

"We'll make up a bed for you with pleasure," replied Miss Glumper. "I beg you'll not leave her for a single instant, Dr. Pestle. Expense is no object, I need hardly add."

"Madam," I said, in my best professional manner, "she needs absolute change of scene; rest, seclusion, and—er—the usual remedies," I added vaguely. "If you will permit me to remove the little patient to my own residence, all that human skill can do shall be done for her; otherwise," I added, and I looked unutterable things, "success is well nigh impossible."

Miss Glumper clasped her hands in agony. "It's so hard to part with her, doctor," she said.

"The matter is for your consideration, madam," I remarked.

"But may I come and see her?" exclaimed Miss Glumper.

"No, madam," I said sternly; "the excitement of such interviews might prove fatal to the patient's life."

"Oh, Flora! Flora!" cried Miss Glumper, and she dropped upon her knees and kissed the patient's fat back. "Would you believe it, Dr. Pestle," cried the lady excitedly, "that Dr. Dulle actually declined to prescribe for the little patient. I've lost all confidence in Dr. Dulle," she said; and then she rang the bell.

The footman answered it.

"Adolphus John," said his mistress, "you will take Flora to this gentleman's private residence; you will carry her with the utmost care. I will send my man every hour for tidings, Dr. Pestle," said the old lady. "I have trusted you, doctor," she said tragically, "see that you do your duty;" and then, overcome by her feelings, she hurried from the room.

I accompanied Flora and Ado'phus John to my own house. As soon as the man had left, I began to consider Flora's case seriously. I determined to call in a consultant at once; I knew nothing about dogs; but I knew a man who did. After dark, a person of villainous appearance presented himself at my back door. No sooner did he see the unfortunate Flora than he pronounced her case hopeless. "I'd have her drowned at once, sir, if I was you."

"You're quite sure the beast won't get over it?" I asked.

"She's as good as dead already," said the man; "she's got the 'yallers,' and her liver's gone to nothing."

I had never even treated a case of "yallers!" He did not seem in any doubt about his diagnosis.

"I could get yo a better nor she for the matter of fifteen bob," he added. "I know of a dawg as is as like her as two peas; they might be twins, for the matter of that."

"If you'll bring her to-night and she suits me I'll give you a sovereign," I said.

I gave him half a crown and with a wink of thanks he departed.

In about an hour Flora had passed away. I buried her secretly in the back garden; I did not breathe a word of what had happened to a living soul. About midnight the dog fancier arrived, bringing another pug dog in a bag, the very image of the deceased, but it was not so fat.

"Answers to the name of Popsy, guv'nor," remarked the man, "and I wouldn't be seen with her in Camberwell if I was you. D'ye tumble?"

I hastened to assure him that I did tumble. I gave him his sovereign and let him out.

All that night the new dog howled continually. We tempted it with the choicest viands, but the brute would not eat.

"She must be better to make all that noise," remarked Matilda.

"There is a marked improvement, my dear. What we have to dread is a relapse. In cases of—er—malignant yellows, solution of continuity frequently takes place."

Matilda was perfectly satisfied. "How dreadful!" she said.

My wife and I fed that beast for a whole fortnight as though we had been Chinese and were fattening it for the table. Each day I visited Miss Glumper and reported the patient's gradual improvement. "You'll find her much changed," I said; "the poor thing's terribly pulled down and the memory almost entirely gone. It has been a wonderful case," I said—"a wonderfully successful case; and, strange to say," I added in a pathetic voice, "I've got to love the little thing as though she were my own."

Miss Glumper took my hand and burst into tears; her heart was too full for words.

Of course Matilda and I always addressed the brute as Flora; but it was some time before she would answer to the name. At length I brought home Flora to her expectant mistress.

"I shouldn't have known her," cried Miss Glumper, as she fondled the brute and fed it with slices of cold chicken. "Oh, Dr. Pestle, how shall I testify my gratitude to you! Pray let me know the amount of my indebtedness."

But I drew the line at taking her money. "Madame," I said, "I am only too glad to be of use to you."

"Doctor," replied the lady, "I'm eternally obliged."

For five-and-twenty years Miss Glumper's account was as good as a hundred a year to me. She left me a thousand pounds in her will; but she did more than that. "Dr. Pestle," she used to say to everybody, "saved a life that was very, very dear to me. Under these circumstances, it would have been my own fault if I had not, in course of time, managed to put together one of the tidiest little practices in the neighborhood.

A Good Place for Them.

Mr. Wearyman (searching despairingly for his slippers under the wardrobe)—Where on earth can those slippers have got to now?

Mrs. Wearyman (entering).—I declare, Parkerhouse, you're enough to tire a saint! There (pointing to wall pocket near the picture moulding) are your slippers. I put them there when I thought you could not help seeing them.

Mr. Wearyman.—Thank you, dear. (Moves away).

Mrs. Wearyman—Aren't you going to put them on?

Mr. Wearyman—No, dear. Let us leave them there; then I'll know just where to look for them to-morrow.

Foreign.

Mr. Murphy—Phat is lay greep, Mrs. Flaherty?

Mrs. Flaherty—It's me impreshun, Mr. Murphy, thot it is wan av thim bloody Oyctalian saysoletics.

Sure Success This Time.

Clemshaw (at Asheville)—Is that the same gun I had yesterday?

The Owner—Yis, sor; an' O've put th' shprinkler av th' water-pot on it so's it'll shatter th' shot betther for yez. Yez might kill a bir-rd t'-day, sor.

A Miscalculation.

"Comstock and Bagley were pretty full when they drove into the yard last night."

"Yes; it was all the result of a miscalculation."

"How was that?"

"Well, Bagley tells me they procured liquid supplies for ten miles and afterward found the drive was only seven."

Melissa Garments for Ladies.

The Melissa Manufacturing Co. have received many letters from all parts of the Dominion, asking if they intend manufacturing MELISSA CLOAKS for LADIES, or if Melissa Cloth can be procured for that purpose.

In answer to these inquiries, they desire to say that, although not ready to manufacture Ladies' Garments, they have decided to sell the Melissa Goods by the piece and are now preparing a choice range of patterns, which will be offered to the trade in January, 1892.

Melissa Cloth is admirably adapted for women's wear, as it can be made in any weight desired, and in an infinite variety of patterns and shades. Women will no longer have to put up with the disagreeable odors, discomfort and danger of wearing the old, air-tight, rubber waterproof.

The TRADE MARK which will be stamped upon every piece of Melissa Goods is an absolute guarantee not only that the Cloth is Rain-proof, Porous and Odorless, but that it is PERFECTLY PURE and FREE FROM ALL DELETERIOUS SUBSTANCES, **neither SUGAR of LEAD nor any other poisonous ingredient** is used in its manufacture, and ladies can wear garments made of the cloth with a sense of perfect security that both health and comfort will be assured.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL,
J. W. MACKEDIE & CO., MONTREAL,
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION. 18.

Everybody is asking for "MELISSA" Rain-proof Garments.

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Ladies will now have them as well as the men.

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No Chills. No Clammy Feeling. No Danger of Colds.

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Rain-proof Porous Odorless Durable Moth-proof.

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CHEERFULNESS

A man can face a cannon or a "dun" with cheerfulness, but when a man's shirt fits him badly or his collar is a different size from what it is stamped, he becomes misantrophical, his views of things is gloomy, his temper is savage and life is wretched. Avoid this miserable existence by wearing TOOKE BROS.' Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

For sale by the leading Wholesale and Retail Firms throughout the Dominion.

Why The Trick Failed.

Explaining the scheme.

Professor Munskowsy (the incomparable magician)—Now zen, ladie and gentlemens, having shown you ze rock, he be von solid piece, I make de rums dersapar. So-o a.

Professor Munskowsy—Ah! so-a. Eet es gone.

Audience—Brava.

The rock (a few seconds later, very muffled)—Rah! Rah-te-fer. Rah! fer Blaine. Rah—(hic)—fer Har'son—whoopee!

Stale News.

Mr. Halfcentury—The newspapers must be hard up for news.

Mrs. Halfcentury—Why so?

Mr. Halfcentury—Here's an item that the oldest man in New York state died last week, and the oldest man in New York state died when I wasn't more than sixteen.

It makes your pots and pans shine like a mirror. It makes baths and sinks clean and bright. For the general wash it is just what women have been hunnering and thirsting for. Makes the water delightfully soft. Does not injure the hands. Makes the clothes a lovely pure white. "Leave Phenix," that's the name. Your grocer keeps it. There's not a woman in Canada should be without it in the kitchen.

A Church Scene.

"Why do those two young ladies look so sad, papa?"

"Because each one has a new bonnet, my son, and each one thinks that the other has the prettiest."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
FOR NIGHT SWEATS
of consumption, gives speedy benefit.

The Next Question.

Kickshaw—Did you make any New-year's calls?

Dimmick—One.

Kickshaw—What did the other man hold?

True Blue.

Fair American (after listening to a graphic account of a fox-hunt in England)—But I should think, Captain Fitzhugh, that you would be greatly hampered by lack of space. It is rather cruel to limit the chances of the fox to England alone. Does he go in circles around the island?"

CANCER

It seems almost incredible that a remedy has at last been discovered for curing this dreadful disease without any painful operation. But when we can refer you to hundreds of living witnesses who have been permanently cured by our wonderful and pleasant treatment you should not hesitate to tell your friends the good news. No Knife! No Plaster! No Pain! Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars, and mention this paper.

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COMMON SENSE

Will teach us that a combination of

BEEF, PEPSINE AND MALT

Must be a good

TONIC and STRENGTHENER

BEEF makes Blood-muscle. ALE nourishes the system. PEPSINE cures Indigestion.

THEN USE

ALE AND - BEEF

PEPTONIZED

Which is just such a combination, and you will get

Health and Strength

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Going Them One Better.

EVEN in Michigan they have some famous poets and some poets who might be famous if they would but disclose their identities. Here is something by an anonymous American poet, which the *Detroit Free Press* publishes and prefaces thus:

"A young man up in the country, evidently possessing a sweetheart named Key, pays her a very delicate compliment in the following very creditable verse for a Shiawassee County poet:

A RONDEAU.

My heart was shut; aye, locked and barred;
And all my doing was ill starred.
Life was a long unrest to me,
A vain appeal, continually,
For something not so cold and hard;

For something that was not so marred
By what I was; that might retard
The stony growth and make me see
My heart was shut.

The years went by. Myself, on guard,
Upon my heart kept watch and ward,
Repelling all by grim decree;
Until one day I found the Key
That opened it; till then unbarred,
My heart was shut.

We have in York County, however, a poetess still more delicate. She consumes her soul with the sweet and dignified sonnet. Like Mrs. Browning, who bashfully entitled the most beautiful of her poems, Sonnets from the Portugese, our poetess, who dates her writings from Eglinton post office, would not disclose to the cold world the tenderness of her heart and asks that the following sonnet, On Love, be published anonymously:

Oh! Love! Oh! Love! a wondrous thing thou art,
Ah! Cupid's ways are full of mystery.
From thy sad shackles, fain, Oh! fain, I'd flee,
Ah! would that I had dodged thy flying dart!
But, Ah! it rips and scores my maiden heart.
'Tis said that some find love a thing of glee,
But how they find it so I cannot see;
'Tis sad, too sad, for lovers die or part.
Though mostly girls admire the English bard,
Who wrote "'tis better to have loved and lost"
And so forth, but if he had had my pale,
I'll admit I had it very hard,
He would not, would not make so rash a boast,
At least he'd take his saying back again.

The Emotional Actress.

The power of using small means to arrive at great effects is the secret of the truly emotional actress of the higher type. The emotion imposed on the actress by the action of the play makes her a creature of the situation, and the emotional feature of the play is then caused, not by the actress, but by the situation. The truly emotional actress is she who portrays a character, and relies upon this portrayal alone, as conceived by herself, to appeal to our emotional feelings.

There are three kinds of emotional plays, each requiring a different style of acting.

The first is the romantic drama, in which love always plays a prominent and generally the leading part in a tragic conflict. Incidents are selected which will best bring out the emotional features of the plot or story, regardless of what actual characterization would demand. These plays are usually of a semi-melodramatic character—the theme being of little importance. The story is of a sentimental order, and rapidity of movement through a succession of quickly culminating climaxes is the most striking characteristic of the plot. The lines are of an impassioned and often inflated order.

For the proper production of such plays the emotional actress should be a tragedienne.

The second is the melodrama proper.

The melodrama is always emotional, but the emotion pertains to a different order altogether. It is no longer a question of sentiments, but simply of sensations aiming at sensational efforts. In this class of dramas, the emotional actress is no longer a character, but a part of a more or less artistic whole, of which she is the most important portion. The whole (usually of a dark and gloomy character), aims at the improbable, intrigue and crime furnishing the necessary complications. Inasmuch as the character of such plays is improbability, so are the demands on the emotional actress for the portrayal of improbable emotion.

The third, and most important kind of emotional plays, is what the French call the "piece," for which, unfortunately, there is no corresponding term in English.

Such plays as Camille, Odette, Frou-Frou, Fedora, and a dozen or so of the plays of Dumas, the younger, and of Sardou, illustrate the true character of the "piece."

In these plays characterization is what is mostly aimed at. Sentiment never becomes sentimentality, and sensation never aims at the sensational. They differ from the romantic drama in the respect that the characters are modern. The story is usually very simple and the plot purposely avoids complication. The emotional feature is to be found in the individuality of the leading part. The emotional actress must be, not simply the heroine, but herself. She must give us on the stage, not simply a Marguerite Gautier, but a Sarah Bernhardt, a Fanny Davenport, a Clara Morris. The same *role* produced by one of these three great emotional actresses, will be as different as one *role* is from another *role*. We will pity, more or less, Camille, according to the impressions the character has left upon us. These impressions vary according to the amount of individuality seen and felt in the impersonation. To endow such plays with their full force, the emotional actress must be an artist, one who, (whether she feel or no the emotions of the heroine), will show us how she feels or would feel these same emotions in similar circumstances. Should this statement need proving, I might say that we never sit through either Camille, or Odette, produced by different actresses, with the same eyes, brain or heart.

The Drama.

IT is not often one's privilege nowadays to see such a fresh and original drama as The Witch, the attraction at the Academy this week. It is a drama of material absolutely new, and deals with a subject which has attracted a great deal of attention lately, that of the Salem witchcraft persecutions. The scene opens at a little Roman Catholic chapel in the Mohawk Valley, where a beautiful girl, Marguerite, lives with her guardian, a missionary priest, Father Ambrose. Marguerite is like a little wild flower, a tilllium or a harebell, and is altogether idyllic. She teaches the Indians to read and one Mohawk boy, Amooka, is especially devoted to her. There visits her, too, in her forest home, a poetic young Puritan, Walter Leyden, and she in turn learns a lesson from him—the sweetest of all lessons, love. Father Ambrose is loath to consent to her marriage, but on finding the strength of her love for Walter he unites them. These beautiful and idyllic scenes on a forest background make a fresh and interesting prologue, and the real action of the drama commences with the second act. In a fit of jealous rage the Indian Amooka, who mistrusts Walter, strikes him with his club, and Walter is found in the forest by friends and brought to Salem, when he loses the entire remembrance of his five months' bridal, but his brain is haunted by the face of Marguerite. In this time of the prevailing witchcraft hysteria, when anything at all unusual was set down to the malign working of some devil-consorting person, he imagines himself bewitched. Marguerite and her faithful Amooka come to Salem to seek Walter, and the presence of the Indian, the fact that one of the citizens' cows kicks over the pail while Marguerite is asking for a drink of water, her strange and simple attire and her pet dove brand her at once among the fanatical Salemites as a witch. She is about to be stoned by the crowd when she sees Walter and joyously throws herself upon his protection, calling him her husband. Walter repudiates her, and remembering the face of his dreams, says that she is the one who has bewitched his memory away. He would not have her arrested, however, and pleads that she be allowed to go, but the townsmen are thirsty for witchblood and she is jailed. Walter protects the dove, and there is one strong scene between the two in the jail when Walter brings her dove to her and declares that he loves her, even though she be a witch. She is enraptured for a moment, but when he denies that she is his wife she bursts into anger and tells him to go. A happy thought seizes her, and she sends a message by means of the dove to Father Ambrose. Then there is a Puritan court scene, true to history, and Marguerite is condemned to death. As the death sentence is passed, in the tense horror of seeing one so beautiful, and whom he loves so much, condemned to hang, Walter Leyden's memory comes back, and he claims her as his wife. To the astounded judges this is but further evidence of his bewitchment, and the sentence stands. The last act opens on Gallows hill before daybreak, and as the sun rises the people flock to see the beautiful witch hanged. She is brought to the scaffold, and Walter Leyden comes tearing up the hill and commands that proceedings be stopped. He has been to Boston for Marguerite's pardon, but has found that Father Ambrose has forestalled him and is on his way to Salem with the document. The justices will not believe him when he says the pardon is on the way and the people are clamorous. The marshal commands that the execution proceed and the noose is being placed in its position when Father Ambrose arrives and Marguerite is freed. There are several dramatic minor incidents, and it will be seen that the drama is strikingly original and thoroughly interesting throughout. The authors, Philip Hamilton and Marie Madison, are not Shakespeares. Many of their characters are exceedingly sketchy and none have the bard's rounded life-likeness of treatment. But the story is beautiful, the interest natural and keen throughout, and though some playgoers unfamiliar with its background may be incredulous about its incidents, I can assure my readers that in no instance in dealing with Salem justice and prejudices have the authors "stretched it." The dialogue is very fine and the satirical humor clever. The construction is good, though on old lines with a climax to close each act, and on the whole no more interesting modern drama has been seen for some time.

Marie Hubert Frohman's personality is peculiarly adapted for the part of Marguerite, her beautiful eyes lending no small share to her success. Her voice and action were at times perhaps too stagey, but her whole characterization was excellent. Chas. Jehlinger was a satisfactory Walter Leyden. In the first act his gestures were somewhat uncouth and affected, and his whole performance somewhat stiff. His *role* was very trying, however, and great praise is due for his later emotional scenes. Mr. Herman Hirshberg was a good Amooka. Mr. James A. Kelly, though he has little to do, was a picturesque Dr. Leyden. Miss Alice Brown did effective work as Elizabeth Leyden. Mr. D. A. Burtnet was a clever Citizen Holden, Mr. Fred Backers a funny Pat Mulligan, and the balance of the company fair.

Miss Rose Coghlan was exceedingly unfortunate in her choice of Dorothy's Dilemma. Miss Coghlan would probably take no offence if I describe her as a "buster," for this broad and expressive term certainly describes her. She is a modern Peg Woffington, an actress seen to most advantage in semi-masculine "buster" parts. The *role* of the Anglo-American, Dorothy Baring, is certainly well adapted to her abilities, but the play is rubbishy. It is not above the plane of farce, but it is slow farce. The first act is not bad with Mr. and Mrs. Pattersby's matrimonial disagreements and the song and dance incident, though it is old, as the hills I was going to say. The second act is not only exceedingly suggestive, but tedious. Double intention is rampant in the dialogue, and as the chiefest enjoyment of farce is its rapidity of movement, the long drawn out "pants" episode cannot even gain respect as decent farce. To be sure Miss Coghlan has a chance at some subtlety of treatment in presenting the sensations of a lively girl who has allowed her devilment to carry her too far, but she does not choose to and her acting in this act is cheap and farcical when it might be delicate. The last act has one pretty love scene between Mr. Sullivan and Miss Coghlan, but adds a fragile capatone to exceedingly fragile and conventional plot. Miss Coghlan's support is excellent as ever—too good for the play—and make up the redeeming feature of the performance. Mr. Whiffen was exceedingly fine as Mr. Pattersby, Mr. Redmund a good Earl, Mr. Peiper an exquisite dandy, Mr. Sullivan a handsome Jack Styles, and Mr. John Marble man from French material. It is called Squire Kate. Robert Buchanan has made it over. Buchanan, who is generally frank in revealing the sources of his inspiration, confesses that Squire Kate is founded upon La Fermiere, by Armand D'Artois and Henri Pagat. To which we may add that La Fermiere was acted first, in the fall of 1889, at the Paris Ambigu, whose audiences prefer melodrama with plenty of bloodshed to any other kind of diversion. La Fermiere, however, was a story of rustic life with merely a suggestion of murder—a trifling poisoning case—and as the play was too quiet for the Ambigu taste, it did not last very long. Buchanan appears to have reconstructed the play radically, for his cast is not so long as the French one, and he has, moreover, transferred the scenes to rural England. Georgia Cayvan plays the title character, and the cast also includes Effie Shannon, Herbert Kelcey, W. J. Le Moyne, E. J. Ratcliffe, C. M. Walcot, Fritz Williams, Augus us Cook, Eugene Ormonde, Charles Hadbury, and Mrs. Walcot. In the French play there were some charming pictures of provincial French life, a vivid hail storm and several other scenic realisms.

The Problem of Heating the House in Cold Weather.

The problem of heating the house in cold weather is one which seems to be past solving by many persons. At least their efforts to do so have resulted in having one corner of the room insufferably warm and the other, usually the portion of the room where one would most enjoy sitting, so cold as to be almost unendurable. In a country house recently built, this state of affairs was greatly improved upon by placing the chimney in an outside wall and between two large windows. The brick work of the chimney projected some little distance into the room, sufficiently, at least, to leave a wide flue between the brick work and the weather boarding. This flue was cased up with metal, and had ventilator openings at the ceiling. The heat of the chimney, which ordinarily goes to the outside of the building, was by this means thrown into the room. The upper stories were similarly arranged, the entire back, which is in most cases wasted, being utilized as described.

To realize just how little benefit one gets from the amount of fuel consumed, it is only necessary to note the outside walls of houses where chimneys are run up through the brick work. In long chimneys a space three or four feet wide, and extending from the floor of the second story to the roof, will be found dry and warm even in the co'dest weather. The heat strikes through the entire brick work to the outside. It is estimated that fifteen per cent. of the heat may be absorbed by the brickwork. A plan which is an improvement on that already mentioned, and which is to be adopted in a suburban home now in process of construction, is to build a brick fireplace, and, instead of the ordinary brick chimney, a double pipe of very heavy galvanized iron is to be used. The inner pipe is the smoke conductor. Around this, with a space of about four inches between, is another pipe. This forms a flue, which acts precisely on the same principle as the flue from the ordinary furnace heater. From this are conducting-pipes, one on either side, which are carried into rooms in the house, which otherwise would be entirely wasted, is drawn off in this way, and, except in the severest weather, makes two rooms perfectly comfortable.

Of course small flues at the lower end furnish the draught.

It is said by those who have experimented in this direction that one flue which, under ordinary circumstances, heats but one room, can be, without addition, made to heat three. Indeed, in houses in which somewhat similar experiments were tried, the upper rooms were kept above freezing temperature through a most severe cold spell.

This is called a progressive age, but in the item of heating and utilizing the heating properties of fuel we are very far from having reached any satisfactory standard. Seventy per cent. of the heat in certain styles of stoves is absolutely wasted. While it may not be possible to burn less than a given amount of fuel in any heating apparatus, it is entirely possible to make that amount do nearly three times its usual work.

Not Sufficient.

"I don't see why I can't keep my husband at home," said a distressed looking little woman.

"Why don't you try to make home attractive to him?"

"I have. I've taken up the parlor carpet and sprinkled sawdust on the floor and put a beer keg in the room, but some way or other it doesn't seem to make any difference."

Rondeau.

THE SEATER.

For Saturday Night.

On wings of steel the bold athlete
Brooks rival none, for none so fleet
As speeding under wintry skies,
Before the nor'land gale he flies,
And flying, frets the ice to sleet.

Like Mercury's, his wing'd feet
Skim o'er the river's crystal street,
And dread and danger he defies
On wings of steel.

What tho' the blast behim beat?
His dauntless heart athrob with heat
Of warm, young blood—his eager eyes
Essay no effort to disguise
That life to him is rare and sweet
On wings of steel.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

A Cavalier Song.

For Saturday Night.

Eyes of blue that shyly glancing,
Have soft depths of mystery,
Where the elvish flames come dancing,
Lurking, playing there in glee;

Eyes of gray, that gravely gazing
Seem to see my soul in mines,
And all other love erazing
Are the only eyes divine;

Eyes of brown, that gently beaming
Have a power o'er every heart,
And half wakened love seems gleaming
In each glance that they impart;

Eyes of darkest hazel, glowing
With a rich, red, lustrous light,
Wondrous pupils, wider growing
If my loving words delight.

All are lovely, each entrances;
In the eyes of maidens fair
Who has felt the kiss of glances
Knows that golden love lurks there.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

To Beethoven.

For Saturday Night.

I have seen mountains plunge against the sky,
Bold cutliers of the west magnificent,
Have also view'd and watch'd great storms in play
Upon them, when the lightning's forked flames,
Illumin'd scenes of awe, and grandeur there;
But wilder tempests and far bolder heights,
Yea darker monsters of life's rugged range
Have rush'd before me, while the brilliant flash
Of thy bright genius thrilled my stat'l'd soul.
Old man, with shaggy hair and brow sublime,
Thy themes eternal dart their rays of light
Across the raving'd realms of human woe,
And from thy heav'n-taught melodies we learn,
That elements divine make up life's storms!

ERNEST E. LIGHT.

The Cloud Maiden.

She folds about her shining form
The azure mantle of the skies,
And sandeth earthward, kind and warm,
The gentle lightenings of her eyes.

She dilts in gold and azure fuzled,
This sweet mad demon of the air;
Her love is kindlier than the world,
But when she hates, her hate beware.

She floats at heaven's gates when dawn
Spills in the east his rosy fires,
She comes at eve when day is gone,
Reviving all his dead desires.

All essences come to her birth,
The dews that drop, the airs that run,
She is the offspring of the earth,
The daughter of the flaming sun.

She is most kind to everything,
The thirsty grasses, birds and flowers;
And to the poet's heart doth bring
Thought-blossoms from her skyey bowers.

The spirits of the upper space,
The sweet, black genies 'neath the sea,
All for the glamor of her face
Are hers through all eternity.

They love, they hate, they wake, they sleep
Just as she waves her shining bands;
Just as she kills the deeper deep
Is stirred to do her heart's con mands.

But when her mad, weird mood comes on
Her demons all go mad with her,
They shout the churning seas upon
And wrap the heavens in a blur.

She trails, a ragged witch in gray,
Across the heaven's wind-blown bars,
And in her ashen folds away
She hides the saddening moon and stars.

And when she winds her shoe cloak
And leaps and laughs in the eyes,
She rends the century-ringed oak
And laughs in thunder as it lies.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL *in Century.*

A Winter Wooing.

Guess I reckoned that I'd never
Pop that question t' Mirandy.
First I tried to, 'twas one summer,
Sittin' on her dad's verandy.
Then one August, too, I thought I'd
Ask her, in the clover meddler;
Had a set speech, but somehow she
Looked too cold to take the header.

Next time wuz th' sildin' party
Out at Crawford's, and Mirandy
Said she'd slide if I could find a
Extra-sized toboggin handy.
That just set me tinglin' so, I
Asked her if she'd go "partnerin"
With my arms around her, sildin'
Right along on life's toboggin.

Then Mirandy smiled her sly way,
With the color all a-buddin'
In her cheeks, an' said as how the
Question took her kind o' sudden
Like, an' left her without breath t'
Say a word, but guessed she'd rather
Down the hill, with winter blowin'
In your face, wus rather tryin'.

But she whispered, if I'd steer her
Just as straight and just as clever
Down life's groove as that toboggin,
She would slide with me forever;
If I'd always guard her, keepin'
Round my arms for safe protection;
Watchin' for the bumps and stirin'
Always in th' right d'rection.

So we climbed th' hill, while all th'
Stars that winked above and hovered
Slipped behind th' clouds and told th'
Other stars what they'd discovered.
And with Mandy's eyes t' light me
Down the hill, I've found the joggin'
Just as pleasant 'n' as easy
As that night on that toboggin.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Between You and Me.

OLD things are sometimes better than new! Whether from association, affection, or reverence comes the halo—there *is* sometimes a halo in this modern and anti-sentimental age. Often old things are useless, ridiculous guys, like the hats of the porkpie period, or the hirsute edifices known as waterfalls, rats and bean catchers, which disfigured the heads and brows of the maidens of two decades back. Often they are beautiful, but frail, and fall into decay; often they are pathetic and only to be hidden away and mourned over when we have time to waste. Sometimes, these old things refuse to grow absurd, unless, ruined or sorrowful. Ah, sometimes, and not often, they come out from the treasure house of the far past as fair, as fresh, as unchanged as if Time had stood still and smilingly handed us back our youth and this, its long laid by delight!

*

This jubilation of mind, dear gossips, comes from an experience which has arrived to me since I talked in confidence with you last week. Only the visit of an old friend, a chum, whom I have not seen or heard from in fifteen years. Fate has since woven strange threads in our two lives, of golden love, and sable mourning, and dim gray of experience, which tones down this too bright hue and tempers that too vivid contrast. Neither of us has vegetated during these fifteen years, and from impulsive youth and inexperience we have arrived at maturer years through a wealth of change in circumstances and state. But, thank Heaven! we found, when after these long years fate was good to us, and we stood anxious, curious, each doubting the other's memory, affection, constancy, whatever it was, hand-in-hand, in the cosy sanctum, with the warm glow of the gaslight here, and the stormy, snowy night there, that we were precisely the same good old friends as we had been good young friends. We said nothing about it for a while, each mistrusting, watching for changes, on the lookout for chill corners, and draughts of forgetfulness or preoccupation, till at last my dear crony ventured the question: "Should you have known me?" and I answered immediately, "*Through a stone wall*, your voice alone——" "And yours; you're not changed one bit!" Then, the murder was out, and mutual confessions followed, and great content. At least one thing in this world of unreliabilities stands firm, and when I next recite the Articles of my Belief I shall quietly add another; "I believe in one constant and unchangeable friendship." I know there are some among you, who know Lady Gay, who will have a quiet smile over her lapse into egotism; well, she doesn't care, only, not to deceive you, the dear old chum is *not a woman!*

*

Perhaps in our time, there has not been known a more notable instance of the perverseness of fortune, and the mutability of human plans, than that afforded by the late *bouleversement* in the Royal Family of the Mother Land. Exchanges come by the mail full of anticipation, pleasant words, harsh criticisms and gossip about the approaching marriage of the two young people whose betrothal created so much interest a few weeks ago, and a grievous damper lies upon it all since the cable, with its marvellous powers of "getting there," flashed the mournful news of the end of all things earthly for one of the affianced lovers. The looms stand still around the web of bridal satin; the shuttles halt among the threads of the fine linen and napery for the nest of these mating doves. Alack! it is over, their dream, and "one is taken and the other left." Badly left, too, poor bonnie Princess May, for hers bid fair to be an unique and exalted station, though, we are told by those who know, that the gentle heart of the bride-elect cared for none of these things so much as for the preference of her quiet, sedate young lover. It is always a wonder how such bright, lively, bounding girls as is Princess May, choose the opposite make of human being on whom to bestow the richest of their affections, but it is too well known and too often seen, that the union of the strong and all-alive with the gentle and weakly is sometimes in a reversal of the sexes, and is nevertheless a happier union than when the man is the leader and the wife the one to be brooded over and sustained. We who have an intuition of what the love of such a woman for such a man would be, can better appreciate the tender grief of the maiden widow, even though, with the callousness of the outsider, we feel a hard sort of satisfaction in welcoming that bright young scamp of a sailor, Prince George, in the place of the quiet, unassertive and modest gentleman who is no more.

*

I have always associated the personalities of the two young men with the well known and ridiculous episode in their middy life, when the younger brother, in his own irreverent but pardonably boyish manner, requested the elder to take his fiddle and play God Save His Grandmother. Loyalty but disrespect was his, and I am sure his serious minded fellow-middy was properly shocked, though he knew that the younger boy's heart really yearned for the sounds that reminded him of the home-life ashore and the home-love with it. This is the kind of boy who makes the generally liked man, for who doubts that a life on the ocean wave turns off most of the selfishness and inanity which might grow over the son of his father, and Prince George is in many ways truly that very thing.

*

More letters have come about the expectorating nuisance in the street cars. It is to be hoped that the signs will soon be up. Last Monday night I found out how many people read SATURDAY NIGHT as I rode up in a Sherbourne street car and saw a gentleman making himself disagreeable in the way above indicated. Audible comments went round as follows: "I see it is being noticed in the papers." "Time those signs were up." "Just as good a right to forbid it in a car as in a railroad station." "Lots of those signs are up in the States." "We need them, too!" And, again, not to deceive you, all these commentators were men! A horny-handed son of toil, who no doubt dispenses with a spittoon at home, in fact (not to insinuate), I *know* he does, remarked very audibly, "Well, I ain't no dude, but I'd save a woman's clothes by doing my *decorating* outside!" and his look of honest disapprobation at the culprit aforesaid made me want to chime in "hear, hear!" even while his misfit of the long word wreathed my face in an appreciative grin.

*

A young person who often troubles me with straight questions requiring exhaustive answers, asked me the other evening what I meant by "nice people." I knew she knew very well what I meant, but would like to make me unhappy, so I began to think what we really do mean by nice people. And I've come to the conclusion that it is people who do not run counter to our ideas of what is due to us, to themselves, and to society in general. First, of course to us, they must be gracious and interested, entertaining and bright; to themselves, well dressed, self-controlled, sincere and self-denying; to society at large, generous, forgiving, amiable, observant of those unspoken laws of good breeding, and respec ful to those traditions which hold together the flaky substance of the upper crust. I do think any man or woman who is all of these things in one, would be safely described as nice, too nice indeed, almost, to live! LADY GAY.

Noted People.

The first woman chemist in Paris is to be Mlle. Leclerc, of the Paris School of Pharmacy. She is of French nationality, and has taken a first-class degree.

Richard Henry Stoddard's handwriting is so minute that he can compress the equivalent of half a column of newspaper type into a single page of manuscript.

The Duchess of Portland heads an organization for the protection of birds against the demands of those who are willing that they be slain to furnish ornaments for hats or bonnets.

The expense of the statue of Gambetta to be erected at Ville d'Avray, where he died, will be defrayed from the natives of Alsace and Lorraine, and the statue will be designed by an Alsacian, Bartholdi.

Very delicate and beautiful knitting work has been produced by the women of the Shetland Islands. A long shawl that weighed only two ounces and three-quarters was sold last year for seventy-five dollars.

Lady Burton, besides writing Sir Richard Burton's life, is preparing his Catullus and his Pentameronе for the press. She intends to produce all his unpublished works, the shorter ones in magazines, and his unfinished works as a miscellaneous collection.

Mrs. Sherman Quimby of North Sandwich, Mass., makes it pay to keep hens. Eleven hens in ten months, beginning January 1, 1891, yielded her between seventeen and eighteen hundred eggs. The secret, of course, is in the attention bestowed upon them.

An honorary testimonial has been awarded to Miss Blanche Hays of London, by the Royal Humane Society, in recognition of her bravery last summer in rescuing from drowning her friend, Miss Saunders, with whom she was bathing in the sea near Torquay.

Mrs. Gladstone is said to be hardly inferior to her husband in energy and industry. She has always been interested in charitable and church work and in politics, and has at the same time maintained close watch upon her household affairs and her children.

The Maria Cross of Honor of the first degree has been bestowed upon the Empress of Russia by the Emperor, in consideration of her having for twenty-five years been associated with the management of the charities founded by the Emperor's mother, the Empress Maria.

Max O'Rell, in his recent lecture on Her Highness, Woman, said of marriage in France, England and America, that by the wedding ceremony the French woman gains her liberty, the English woman loses hers, and the American woman continues to do as she pleases.

The daughter of Nordhoff, the writer, took a fancy to the bookbinder's trade. When in England she sought admission to a shop, but the trade union was in the way. At first she found similar discouragement in this country, though not enough to turn her aside, and she has become a good worker.

The King of Sweden presented to Madame Sophie Zela, the opera singer, for a Christmas gift, an after-dinner coffee set of fine china. Upon each piece is the name of Eugenia the King's daughter, to whom it formerly belonged. Madame Zela has sent the set home from Stockholm to her husband, Mr. E. A. Achorn, who is now in Boston.

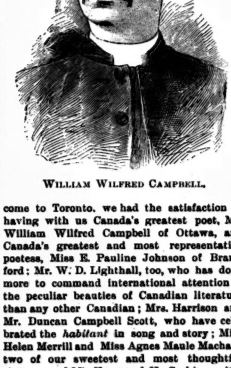
Mounet-Sully, the great French tragedian, has become so troubled by defective vision that he is almost blind. He is barely able to see his fellow-actors on the stage and the glare of the foot-lights affects him painfully. A correspondent writes that he heard the actor say to Mlle. Reichemberg at rehearsal, "Are you near the table or the sofa?"

Mr. Ernest E. Thompson of Toronto contributes to the new volume of the Proceedings of the United States National Museum a valuable study of the birds of Manitoba. He gives an enthusiastic description of the music of prairie larks, large numbers of which, at dawn, may be heard in the spring to "burst all together into a splendid explosion of song, pouring out their rich strong notes from every little height and perch, singing with all their might." They sing all day, and at night joyously hail the moon. As their notes become more complicated the most casual observer cannot fail to perceive "that the love-fires are kindling, and that each musician is striving to the utmost of his powers to surpass all rivals and win the lady lark of his choice." On one occasion, says Mr. Thompson, "as I lay hiding near a fence, three larks came skimming over the plain. They alighted within a few yards of me and two of them burst into song, sometimes singing together and sometimes alternately, but the third was silent. When at last they flew up I noticed that the silent one and one of the singers kept together. I had been witness to a musical tournament, and the victor had won his bride."

A Canadian Literature Evening.

UBIOSITY is a leading characteristic of most modern people, so much so that the writings of famous men or women are not nearly so much appreciated by the general public until it has heard them read by the creative geniuses themselves. Even though the poetry or prose might be much better read by professional elocutionists, the desire to "see a man" is so strong that people pay high prices for the sake of seeing Stanley, Sir Edwin Arnold, George Kennan, or whoever possesses a famous name and happens to mount the public platform. It were strange if people did not flock to see Canadian authors and hear Canadian literature. Mr. Frank Yeigh, president of the Young Liberal Club, and his associates deserve all praise for giving Torontonians a chance to enjoy such a novelty as that inaugural of an annual affair—last Saturday's Canadian Literature evening. Though this year the affair went off exceedingly well, next year's results will be still better, and ample as the art gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists is, it is doubtful if in future it will hold one half of those who will flock to these intellectual feasts. Even this year the capacity of the hall was severely tried, and many turned away from the doors disappointed.

Though many Canadian men and women of letters were present, many were unable to come, and the reading of letters from those unable to be present, with Mr. Yeigh's thoughtful introductory speech, made a good prologue to the programme. The letter of that liberal-minded Frenchman, Louis Frechette, was especially interesting. But if many distinguished *litterateurs* could not



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

come to Toronto, we had the satisfaction of having with us Canada's greatest poet, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell of Ottawa, and Canada's greatest and most representative poetess, Miss E. Pauline Johnson of Brantford; Mr. W. D. Lighthall, too, who has done more to command international attention to the peculiar beauties of Canadian literature than any other Canadian; Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, who have celebrated the *habitant* in song and story; Miss Helen Merrill and Miss Agnes Maule Machair, two of our sweetest and most thoughtful singers; and Mr. Hereward K. Cockin, writer of humorous and heroic verse.

Mr. Campbell's points of view are true and dignified realism in prose and idealism in poetry. The sketch which he read entitled General Bain of Sandy Beach is a splendid piece of character drawing, but the famous poem, The Mother, gained most applause. Campbell possesses some quality that when I read his poetry, especially such as one as The Cloud-Maiden, reprinted in another column, I cannot help recalling that phrase somewhere in Shakespeare about the lark "that sings at Heaven's gates." Certain it is, that he too possesses the high ideal and distinguishing quality of Tennyson and Longfellow. The portrait here given is not a satisfactory one, but a portrait of genius is never so. The soul looks through the eyes and pervades the personality, and a characteristic likeness is impossible.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.
(From a portrait by W. A. Sherwood.)

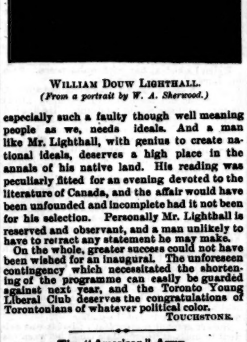
A paragraph about Miss E. Pauline Johnson is especially interesting, not only because of her writings, but because of her personality as a member of the noble Mohawk tribe. On Saturday night Miss Johnson received an ovation when she recited A Wall from an Indian Wife, and as an encore the beautiful Re-Voyage, which was reprinted in SATURDAY NIGHT some few weeks ago, and to the virility and color of her poetry was added the magnetism of her personality. Miss Johnson recites in a manner embued with the feeling of the poetry she recites. "Off the stage" she is if anything more charming than on. And in the little re-union which followed the programme she gained many friends. Miss Johnson is a devotee to her canoe and all open-air sports, as her prose contributions to *Outing* and much of her poetry show. And in social intercourse she gives an impression of the breadth and freedom which mark her songs of her own people.

Mrs. Harrison read a *habitant* prose sketch In the Valley of St. Eustache, which has many striking qualities. Owing to its length, however, the audience lost interest somewhat in the strong and artistic portraiture of the piece. Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott read a weird sketch entitled Veronica. Though Mr. Scott has done much better work and it would have been a treat to hear him recite The Reed-Player or one of his other poems, the wonderful, fine prose style of some of his descriptions was enjoyed by all. The Rev. D. J.

AGNES MAULE MACHAIR.

Macdonell gave a beautiful reading of Miss Machair's lovely poem The Mystic Singer. Miss Machair was herself present, and those who had the pleasure of meeting her were charmed with her personality. The pleasure of Miss Helen Merrill's reading of her poem Regret was marred for some by the noise by those who, on account of the lateness of the hour, were leaving the hall. Miss Merrill was one of SATURDAY NIGHT'S earliest contributors, and if not the greatest she is certainly the most beloved of Canada's poetesses. Mr. Cockin recited Gentleman Dick o' the Greys in a strikingly dramatic manner. The musical selections were ably rendered by Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mrs. Scrimger Massie and Mr. Hewlett.

There remains to be spoken of Mr. W. D. Lighthall's reading from his romance The Young Seigneur. Mr. Lighthall had a sympathetic audience for the ideals which he set before them. In fact, we are all sympathetic toward high ideals, although we weakly refrain from following them. Every people, and



WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL.
(From a portrait by W. A. Sherwood.)

especially such a faulty though well meaning people as we, needs ideals. And a man like Mr. Lighthall, with genius to create national ideals, deserves a high place in the annals of his native land. His reading was peculiarly fitted for an evening devoted to the literature of Canada, and the affair would have been unfounded and incomplete had it not been for his selection. Personally Mr. Lighthall is reserved and observant, and a man unlikely to have to retract any statement he may make.

On the whole, greater success could not have been wished for an inaugural. The unforeseen contingency which necessitated the shortening of the programme can easily be guarded against next year, and the Toronto Young Liberal Club deserves the congratulations of Torontonians of whatever political color.

TOUCHSTONE.

The "American" Army.

Sergeant Finigan, Troop Z, Eleventh Cavalry, who has been six years in the country and five and a half years in the cavalry, recounts a squad of recruits through their "preliminaries" at bareback drill—Patrick O'Houligan, of County Tyrone; Showalup Shoveloff, reduced Russian nobleman; Yawcob Schmidt, "came over" to avoid service in the German army; Thomas Cockney, who didn't like the queen's service; Theophile Musseer, of France; and Paoli Macaroni, recent arrival at Castle Garden. First-sergeant Wienerwurst in the background.

Sergeant Finigan—Yes will now fall in and pay attintion to what's tould ye. Macaronee, stip to the lift soide av yer harse's hid and hould the reins gintly with the roight hand, and not loike ye had yer paw on a shpade-handle. Lit up on starin' in yer harse's ol, Smit, and luk to the front. The baste carries no fotygrapha of Garmanee in the cinter of his hid-pace. Shtand close to yer harse, Frinchy; he'll not ate ye. Now that ye'r riddy, ivery mon count foor.

O'Houligan—Wan, two, three, foor.

Schmidt—Ein, zwei.

Sergeant Finigan—Hould, hould, ye blayguards! Phat the divil are yees doing? Count but wan apiece.

O'Houligan—Wan.

Schmidt—Ein.

Macaroni—Una.

Shoveloff—Onesky.

Sergeant Finigan—Shtop! By the shades of the howly Saint Pathrick! What is the divvee comin' to when there's nothing jines it but such furrin blockhids. O'Houligan, yer wan; Smit is two, Italy is tree, and Shoveleen is foor. Thin Frenchy is wan, and British is two. Hov' ye got that in yer hids? Now, when Oi give the command "prepare to mount," the wans and the trees come folve yards to the front. (O'Houligan, Macaroni, and Musseer drop the reins and advance). Phat the divil are yees doing? Get back there and lade yer harses to the front, ye fools.

Macaroni—You tella me to comma out.

Schmidt—You said to walk mit ourselves outd.

O'Houligan—Shure, and ye niver mintioned the baast at all, at all.

Sergeant Finigan—Oi'll mintion the harses now, and none of yer lip, me min, or Oi'll put ye where the dogs won't boite ye. Don't presshume to talk back to yer shuperiors, or ye'll get into throuble. Now lade out them harses.

Cockney—What's the matter now with the blawsted flannel mouth?

Shoveloff—He's off his nutsky, I thinksky.

Sergeant Finigan—How's thot, how's thot, British?

Cockney—I said I wondered what the matter was with the blawsted foreigners.

Sergeant Finigan—I don't belave you, British—I belave ye were reflectin' upon me character. You moind yer oi. Now place yer roight hand upon the harse's withers, grasping the mane with the lift hand, and when I give the command "mount,' spring to the harse's back. "Mount!" O'Houligan, phat the divil! D'ye take the harse for a fince or a three thot yer thryin' to climb up his ligs? To be shure, Italy, ye've got springs in yer fate, for ye've gone clane over him and fallen on t'other side. Yer up, sir ye. British, grinnin' loike a Cheshire cat and luking loike a clothes-pin on a loine. Lave go his mane, Dutchy, and throw out yer chist. Phat's the matter now, Frinchy? Ye're pawin' around loike ye was huntin' for stirrups. Don't you see this drill is bareback!

Musseer—Ze horse is so very wild. He dance, dance, dance.

Sergeant Finigan—Wild? What d'ye mane? Whoi, that's a cow ye hov'. What'll ye do whin you have a sure-enuff harse, and charge over stones foor fut high and gullies wan hundred fate dape?

O'Houligan (sotto voce)—May the divil take the cavalree.

Shoveloff—Whateveroff does he meansky?

Schmidt—Och, Gott in himmell!

Cockney—Blawst the bloody 'orse!

Musseer—Sacre dieu!

Macaroni—I wanta nonea thata in mine.

Sergeant Finigan—Silence in the ranks! Phat wos that ye said, British?

Cockney—I said they didn't mount 'orses so in Hilngland.

Sergeant Finigan—They don't, don't they? Well, be the powers, whin ye go back to England tell thim we Amerykins don't care a dom how they mount. Kape still, all of yees, and we'll thry this over and kape on thrying till it's done. "Prepare to mount!" "Mount!"

Schmidt—I can't get my horse's back up.

Sergeant Finigan—Who the divil wants ye to! Get on his back, sauerkraut.

Macaroni—Ze horse will not stand still.

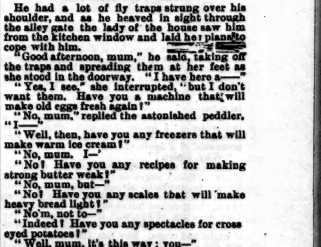
Sergeant Finigan—He won't, hey! And no wonder, with you thrying to dig a hole in his ribs with yer fate. O'll get ye a wooden harse. Come, come! Cawl up there! Yees are the worst lot of lubbers Oi've seen in mony a day.

First-sergeant Wienerwurst (approaching)—Stop the drill, sergeant, and dake dose beeples to the captains to split wood for to-morrow alreaty. If they don't do petter somedimes soon, they goes mit the gart-house out pretty quick.—*The Argonaut.*

Sunday in Brooklyn.

Roundsman (on excise duty)—I'm glad to see you closed up, Murphy. I'd hate to pull you, but I'd have to if you were selling.

Murphy (who has had a tip from the outside—Oi had a few nails t' drive or Oi'd be out walkin' wid th' ould lady.



Murphy—The sassenach's shkipped, fellys!

An Astonished Peddler.

He had a lot of fly traps strung over his shoulder, and as he heaved in sight through the alley gate the lady of the house saw him from the kitchen window and laid her plans to cope with him.

"Good afternoon, mum," he said, taking off the traps and spreading them at her feet as she stood in the doorway. "I have here——"

"Yes, I see," she interrupted, "but I don't want them. Have you a machine that will make old eggs fresh again?"

"No, mum," replied the astonished peddler. "I——"

"Well, then, have you any freezers that will make warm ice cream?"

"No, mum. I——"

"No? Have you any recipes for making strong butter weak?"

"No, mum, but——"

"No? Have you any scales that will make heavy bread light?"

"No, mum, I——"

"Indeed? Have you any spectacles for cross eyed potatoes?"

"Well, mum, it's this way; you——"

"Certainly, I do. Have you a nice light straw hat for the head of the kitchen flour barrel?"

"No, I——"

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed sharply. "What have you got anyway? Nothing in the line of vats in which to tan a tomato skin, have you?"

The man began to gather his traps together hurriedly.

"What's the matter?" she asked pleasantly, "Aren't you going to let me have a——"

"Nothink, mum, nothink," he muttered, "except the whole back yard to yourself, and may Heaven bless you and keep you in it!" And he fled out and slammed the alley gate as she smiled softly to herself, and resumed her work of peeling potatoes.

THE SORCERY OF ASENATH.

BY MARIA ROBERTS.

People often ask me why I gave up a promising business career and devoted myself to traveling, in which I find no pleasure whatever, for which I have no taste; and archæology, which is to me one of the most tiring of pursuits. The question has never been answered, save by the statement that there is a reason to give, which involves the telling of an incredible story.

There are two or three to whom I would like to tell it. If they survive me, they shall know—to that end, these pages.

It is my conviction that whatever intelligent man has known, he has a right to record in some way—that living truth, new to us, may be gleaned from the stone tablets of the ancient for ages. For such a truth I am searching. One man found it, but he is dead. His spirit I have called up, as the woman at Endor called up Samuel, and questioned it. He told me that the knowledge had sent it to the world of shades before its time, and had put power into the hands of an evil one, who had hidden it never in any place to reveal to any mortal what it knew.

"Even yet I must obey her," said the spirit of Paul Glen: "but what you seek is written."

As yet I have not read. Many strange things have I unearthed, but never this little book.

Now I will write my story. You who read it may believe or not, as you see fit. I know that it is true.

It is many years now since I went South to visit my sister Helen. I had not seen her since the day of her marriage, when I was a boy. Then she met me at the door of her own home and welcomed me in her old sweet and quiet manner. It seemed to me, at the first glance, that her face had aged too much, and that a certain once fine expression—a suggestion of latent determination—had overdeveloped and marked her with stern lines. Her husband, I thought, too, I feared the existence of a trouble in her life, of which her letters had given no hint.

She seemed, though, cheerful enough. She led the way into a great room that was shaded, and cool, and full of the scent of lilacs. With a motion of her hand, she dismissed the four black maids, whom she had been assisting or instructing at some sewing work, and they went out, courtsying and showing their white, even teeth at the door.

A fourth did not leave, but retired to a far end of the room and went on with the sewing. I noticed what a tiny garment she was making, and what a sharply cut silhouette her face made against the white curtain of the window by which she sat.

Helen chatted away, apologizing for her husband's absence, asking a host of questions, and planning some pleasure for every one of the days of my stay with her. I lay back in my chair, with a feeling of languid content, and lis ened. When Helen suggested sleep and re ns, I declined both, feeling no need of anything but her presence and that delicious room, the atmosphere of which was laden with rest, with the scent of the lilacs.

The black woman sat directly in the line of my vision, and I remember now that my gaze never strayed from her. I noticed, idly at first, then with interest, the regularity of her features and the grand proportions of her head and bust. Her hair, brownish in color, with dull copper tints, was as smooth as my own, and she had a hand and arm so perfectly moulded that, except for their black skin, they might have been those of a lady of high degree. But it was pride, speaking from every line of that dark face, that most attracted my notice. There was in it, too, an exultant sense of power, and it was the most resolute face, black or white, that I ever saw.

Presently I began to feel that it required an effort to keep the threads of my talk with Helen and to reply. Her voice seemed to get farther, then to come in snatches, with an indistinct murmur between them; at last not at all, though I knew she was still speaking.

I was not unconscious, but perception was contracted and concentrated upon one abnormal effort. From such a vantage point of light stretched down the room to the black woman. She seemed to expand and to grow luminous, a vapor exhaled from her, floated to the middle of the pathway, and there assumed her own form, almost nude, perfect in her face in its every line, modelled as if it were carved from ebony, but with fierce, impure eyes that looked straight into mine and from which there seemed to be no escape.

Their gaze begot an overwhelming sense of disgust. My soul shuddered, but my body could not move. The evil face smiled. A cloud floated over the form of ebony, slowly passing away, revealing one like polished ivory, but the eyes changed not.

How long their gaze held me motionless and helpless I do not know. Suddenly, something white shut out the vision, and my sister's voice, harsh now and loud, struck upon my hearing like a lash. Instantly the room assumed its ordinary appearance, the scent of the lilacs greeted me as if I had newly come into the atmosphere, and Helen, in her white dress, stood before me trembling.

The negress at the window looked at us both with insolent amusement. It was to her that Helen spoke.

"How dared you!" she exclaimed. "Oh, that I could punish you as you deserve!"

The girl smiled and slowly drew her needle through the cloth in her lap.

"Go out to Lucas," commanded Helen. "Go!"

The girl drew herself up and her face took on an expression of sullen defiance. It seemed for an instant that she would refuse. Then she clenched her hands and I heard her teeth grate together. But she hesitated only a moment, then went slowly out of the room. Pre ently she passed by the window, pushing a heavy barrow full of earth. Lucas, the gardener, followed, carrying a long gad. In a minute or two they passed again, going in the opposite direction, and afterward again and again. The girl was pushing the barrow around and around the house.

"This is the heaviest and most menial employment I can devise for her," said Helen; "I wish there were something worse. She grows more impudent every day, but this is the first time she has dared to exert her snaky power upon a white person in my presence. How did you feel while you were to Lucas's cabin?"

"Now, Helen, for heaven's sake don't imagine—"

"I imagine nothing," she interrupted in a low voice. "I know that girl. She can do strange things. If ever a human creature was possessed of a devil, she is."

"Why, Helen!"

She went on without heeding my astonishment. "Every negro on the plantation, except Lucas, is mortally afraid of him. They cower in a corner of their cage if she approaches them, the gentlest horse we have will rear and kick at sight of her, and if she goes into the poultry yard the hens cover up their chicks as if night had come. She has affected others as she did you. She has done worse. When I first came here she was given to me for a maid; but, not liking her, I took, instead, a little swarthy girl who was bright and smart then, but who is now idiotic through fear of Asenath."

I did not think it best to dispute with Helen, knowing her well enough to be sure that any argument I could adduce against her belief she had already weighed and found wanting. She was not a superstitious woman, nor a hasty one, but one whose very mistakes deserved respect, since she always took that course of action which she believed to be wisest and best, even if it were to her own disadvantage. I simply asked: "Why do you not get rid of her?"

"I have tried, but something frustrates every effort of that kind. Robert objects to sale—it is unusual on this plantation. We once offered her her freedom if she would go away; but she only looked as if she scorned the freedom we could give, and laughed in a way that chilled my blood."

"She seems very insolent."

"Insolent—that is a weak word! I sometimes think she is birth-marked with impudence as she is with straight hair."

"That hair, then, is a birth mark? I thought it must be a wig."

"She was born with it and with an insane craving to be white. When a child, she used to scream and shriek over her blackness for hours at a time. Mother Glen whipped that out of her."

"It is a pity she did not whip out some of her other peculiarities."

"Mother Glen was much to blame for some of them. You know Paul Glen, and what a strange, silent being he was—always absorbed in some mysterious pursuits, roving from one lost region to another, coming home, now and then for a day and leaving, as if for a short time, to be heard of after months of enquiry in Hyderabad, or Jerusalem, or the heart of Guinea. Well, at a he came home the last time he made Asenath the subject of numerous psychological experiments. He could mesmerize any one—what other gifts he had is not known; but he called mesmerism child's play. Mother Glen did not object to his making this use of the girl, because she did not wish to cross Paul and have him go away again. It is my belief that Asenath discovered, through some of his experiments, the existence of an occult power in herself. Before long, she had Paul completely under her control. I had not yet come here; but Mother Glen told me about it, and that any effort to break the spell made Paul perfectly furious. He taught her to read, and to sing, and obeyed her in everything—think of it! After she had fallen ill, he was thought not dangerously. Asenath nursed him, and he would not eat or drink unless she bade him."

"That, though, may have been a mere whim, such as the sick often take."

She shook her head. "You have not heard all; two of the servants—Mammy Cina and Belinda—declare that they overheard Asenath forbid Paul ever to touch food again, and tell him that she would prevent it. He did not, that he must not do so. And it is certainly true that he at last refused all sustenance and died of starvation."

"What a horrible idea!"

"Shortly before Paul was stricken down," Helen proceeded, "he disposed of all his property—it was in securities of various kinds—and we have never been able to find out what he did with the money he received. Thousands and thousands of dollars took wing somehow. It was never brought here, so she could not have stolen it actually, but I am as sure that Asenath knows where the money is as I am that I live."

"Now, Helen, be sensible, do."

"Mother Glen was a sensible woman, and she believed as I do. She said the girl was uncanny. Moreover, she declared to me that Asenath had set out to conquer her as she did Paul, and that it was only by constant resistance that she prevented her from gaining her object. There was a psychic contest between them. Mother Glen's brain was in a condition of sheer fear for months. It could not stand the strain. She was seized with paralysis and died. I blame Asenath for her death."

I did not say much in reply. My old experience of a few minutes before puzzled me. Helen's account of the girl threw a weird light upon what I felt bound, as a reasonable man, to consider merely curious phenomena, subjective in character and due to some unexplained physical cause. I determined to say a few decided words to Helen on the folly and culpability of allowing his delicate wife to contend with such an annoyance as Asenath, who, if not a sorceress, certainly was a fractious and troublesome servant.

"It is strange that Robert does not remove her," said I.

Helen's face flushed and was drawn by a momentary spasm. She looked at me in troubled silence, as if she could not decide to speak what she wished to tell me.

"I am afraid for Robert," she said at length, almost in a whisper; "there is something in that girl's demoniac nature that I cannot name to think of—and which I dare not try to explain, even to myself. It seems impossible that she can dare to think that he—she went to him directly after a passage of words—believes in no psychic powers and is not on his guard. He calls her uncanny pranks mere mischief that a few sharp disciplines will take out of her. Robert intends her to marry Lucas."

She spoke the last sentence quite loudly, and, as the girl and her driver were passing by the window, they overheard. Lucas, a squat, stolid-looking mulatto, with a face like that of a kind, intelligent animal, chuckled and poked at Asenath with the gad.

The girl stopped. She threw down her burden, flung back her hair, and turned upon Helen a wild and vicious stare. Her face, streaming with perspiration, was full of threat. She spoke a sound like the snarling cry of a beaviness of her toil. She raised one hand, wiped her brow with its open palm, and flung the drops of sweat in a shower at Helen.

"May every drop curse you!" she said, between her breaths.

Helen looked at her with quiet scorn. "Go on, Lucas," she said calmly.

Asenath shook herself, like a chained animal. She ground her teeth and turned upon Lucas a fury as if she would rend him. He did not quail, but raised his gad threateningly and pointed to the barrow-handles, and, after a momentary struggle with herself, the girl took them up and went on, panting under her toil.

"She shall continue that until she drops," said my sister.

"But, Helen, that surely is cruel."

"Not more so than drawing the fangs of a snake. I have discovered that she is psychically powerless and physically exhausted. All the negroes on the place know this and are rejoicing now—they all feel more secure for knowing that she has been disciplined."

While she was speaking, I saw Robert Glen coming along the walk to the house. Helen saw him, too. Leaning out the window, she called to him to Lucas and bade him take charge "to the old barn." He hurriedly departed, driving the girl—who now seemed doubly unwilling to drag her load—literally like an ox, and very unsparing of the gad.

Robert greeted me cordially; but it was evident to me that there was a cloud between his wife and him. His ruddy face assumed a stern expression when he looked at her, and his voice had a hard tone when he addressed her. I fancied that he was taking his cue, almost fawning, air, which it distressed me to see.

It was some days before I found a chance to speak to Robert on the subject of his wife. He had bitter have held her my tongue, for he was nettled in an instant, shrugged his shoulders, and curled his lip.

"You Northern people know nothing whatever about the management of slaves. Helen leads that girl the life of a toad under a harrow, because the other darkies say she 'hoo doos' them, and because my mother had some irrational ideas about demoniacal possession. I declare to you I believe that if I did not have Helen's delicate condition and nervousness were much to blame, I should be ashamed of her treatment of a woman, who is a good, well trained house servant, and valuable.

"But she is an annoyance that Helen should not have to contend with now."

"How is she to be got rid of?" he demanded impatiently. "We never sell any of the people on this estate, and she won't take her freedom as a gift. I can't kill her."

Then I dropped the subject. When I next saw Helen she had been crying, and she begged me not to speak to Robert about the girl again.

I saw no more of Asenath for some time and learned that she had been put steadily to work at the loom, the day following my arrival.

One morning news came that the loom house had been entered in the night, all the threads carried off, the woven cloth cut to pieces, and the loom and wheels so shattered that new ones would be necessary. Even the walls of the building were half destroyed.

"This is some of Asenath's work," said Helen.

Robert, who had been annoyed by the news, now seemed additionally so.

"Pshaw, Helen!" he said sharply; "it would take the strength of several men to do some of this mischief."

"She has it at command. Lucas shall take her in hand again."

"No, we will have no more of that," Robert said sternly. "Now, hear me, Helen. I have told Lucas that if he obeys you in that respect again he shall be flogged within an inch of his life, and I mean it."

Helen's face turned very white, her hands fell into her lap and she sat as if stricken helpless and hopeless. I has ened away to avoid hearing more, comprehending now what the trouble in my sister's life was, and with a presentiment of coming evil that would be greater.

It was that very night that, having strolled into the shrubbery to smoke my cigar, I fell asleep upon a rustic bench there and awoke to find it was late at night, with the wind howling as if a storm were brewing in the cloudy heavens.

As I arose to go to the house, something—that was visible—seemed to come from every quarter at once and snap me. I felt a sharp, electric thrill, which was followed by a sensation as if I had been lifted from my feet and raised up again, with some of my faculties benumbed by the fall. My hair stood up, but I felt no fear, only a passive wonder, mixed with expectation. Turning, I saw by a transient gleam of moonlight, the girl Asenath, standing in the path near me, pointing at me with a long, slender rod. The ray passed and left a black Shadow there, which moved slowly away, beckoning to me. I followed.

The Shadow led me out of the shrubbery and along a wide avenue between the two rows of huts occupied by negroes, and ended at the mansion house. I had no thought but to follow it exactly. It stopped before one of the huts and bent itself nearly double. I, too, bent over involuntarily, and every muscle of my body seemed to become tense. The perspiration started out of me, and my arm was like a bar of steel ending in great fingers, which grasped something and pulled and tugged with such force that my inner self was a tremble with weakness when the tension relaxed, which it did at the opening of the cottage door and the coming out of a little lad—a mere child—who looked ghastly, as one of the dead walking. He placed himself beside me, and together we followed the shadowy woman to another house, dragged at the invisible cords of another human soul and brought it out into the night. It was a woman this time in the scantiest of night robes.

And so we went on, stopping at every door, and from every door someone came forth, except from that of Lucas. There, grasp as it would, the steel fingers clutched nothing, and the door remained shut.

The woman Asenath muttered to herself and all the crowd of followers muttered too. With them, my own lips formed words, of which I did not then comprehend the meaning: "Not less least!" We went on beyond the quarters, stopped at the mansion and dragged at something that we resisted with all its strength. It was weaker than ours, for it yielded at last and came slowly, slowly down the steps and stood among us. It was my sister Helen.

Asenath laughed and shrieked, laughter broke from all, even from Helen herself.

I had no feeling of compassion for her, nor of fear for Helen or myself. Hate ruled us, force which another exerted. The wills of those who followed Asenath were but strands in the cable of her control, and their strength was in her hands for good or ill.

We followed again—out of the plantation, through a forest of pines, over a bridge that slow-crawling, black water, past the fallen church, surrounded by forgotten graves, to the top of a hill where there were stones laid in the form of a serpent—the tail coiled, the like open jaws, forming the head. There Asenath paused and cast down her rod. She stretched out her hands, and in a moment we were formed into a circle about the serpent.

And then once again those fingers of steel grasped something—something that all their strength could not move. Out of the black mass came in gasps, our forms shook like the leaves of the aspen-tree, and in the heart was a fear, too great to be measured, of failure. How long the effort lasted—lasted until the will seemed to discard its own puerile strength and to fling itself upon the bosom of impersonal force, seize the reservoir of the universal will, and turn its power in a mighty stream upon the burden of one desire—one unyielding demand that the door be opened. And with that borrowed force came the sense of unlimited strength. Faith was born. We stretched out our arms, in gestures of which I can only remember that they were first those of invitation, then of welcome. Nature began to pulsate. There was a sound like the slow, regular beating of a heart, in the chambers of which we were inclosed. The inner life throbbed with it so fiercely that the blood seemed almost to leap from my body. All about us were the moments of awakening birds and insects; from afar came the lowing of kine, the crowing of cocks, and the crying of children, as if they were suddenly startled into fear.

In the center of the circle appeared a square of strange light. We looked upon it and we held a piece of which the darkness and the light of this world are but the envelopes. We saw there, afar off, a vast crystalline globe, from which emanated, in all directions, millions of filaments of clear light. The globe scintillated as a diamond does, and its sparks floated away upon the endless filaments of light. Nearer to us, moving about, were beings not human and not resembling each other further than that they were all gigantic and all possessed of some human attributes. Some were beautiful, some hideous; but upon every one was stamped—in strange characters that I somehow understood—the words "I only am God." Upon some the writing was fantastic, as if put on in mockery. Upon others it shone with a release and cruel radiance that pained the sight. Some bore it faded and dim, as if the profanation it set up had fallen like a leaf into the stream of the ages and been almost forgotten. A great awe fell upon us all, so great that all, except the woman Asenath and myself, fell down and seemed as if dead. The woman trembled and muttered to herself, and again my lips formed her words:

"In it worth while, when human desires are so poor, human life so short?"

Through that door there floated not a voice, for the silence was only broken by a faint, soft hum, like the very distant music, but an unspoken command that impressed itself upon the spirit.

"Speak!"

Still the woman hesitated. Suddenly her lips moved again, mine following them: "But only through this can he be won."

"The world have the desire of my heart," she said aloud.

"It is thine," was the silent answer: "to him who knocks at this door shall it be opened and what he asks for there shall be received, whether for good or ill. It is the law."

"I would be fair, like those who enslave me. All that she has—she pointed to my sister—I would take from her and have for my own."

"The power to obtain it thy will is thine, whether thou be of the just or of the unjust. The spirit which commands shall be obeyed. It is the law."

"And is there a penalty to be paid?"

"Thy act, is the seed from which its penalty shall grow."

The woman sighed.

"What penalty?"

"Thou knowest the law."

Sighing again, bitterly, Asenath stretched out her hand. The square of light went out. Across the spot where it had been, drifted indistinct forms which passed into fidelity of either side. Under their feet ran a serpent of fire, which leaped at the woman. She grasped it, and it seemed to become the rod she had cast down.

I remembered nothing more until I came slowly to myself, stretched upon the beach in the shrubbery, with the morning sun shining into my face. My limbs were stiff, my head ached, and my heart was heavy with a foreboding of evil. It was impossible for me to decide whether the experience of the night was a dream or a reality, but I was sorely troubled; I could not think of Asenath without a creeping of the flesh.

On approaching the house, I saw Robert standing in the doorway. My first glimpse of him set me to trembling with fear of evil tidings, he looked so agitated and distressed. When he perceived me he wrung his hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, Tom!" he cried, "Helen is dying. She was taken with convulsions early this morning. She does not know me. The baby was born dead, and Helen cannot live. I must lose her! Oh, God, I must lose her!"

He ran through the hall and up the stairs, like a wild man. I followed, but the heaviness of the shock was so great that I was but slowly and with a feeling as if the floor were rising up to my face. Asenath was moving stealthily about the hall, as I came into view. She looked at me like a startled cat, but did not go. A black girl, coming down the stairs, passed me, and I recognized her as the first of the women who had joined our ghastly crowd the night before. She gazed straight before her, with wide-open, horrified eyes, and her face had the same pinched look the hall mirror had shown me upon my own as I glanced into it involuntarily when passing it. At the top of the stairs, Helinda, Helen's pretty little maid, flung herself at my feet and clasped my knees.

"Oh, Massa Tom," she cried, "she am 'witched. Go an' git d' witch doctah!—I'll do dat!—I'll do dat! Nuffin'll save hir of yo' don't do dat."

As I stopped to put the poor creature aside, old Mammy Cina, her face streaming with tears, came up to me.

"Massa Tom," she said solemnly, "de good God bring home Miss Helen. She's in heben wid her lil' baby."

The blow overcame me. It will be best to pass over that time. I shut myself into my room and hour after hour I saw the woman rise into the room where Helen lay and looked at her face. It was the face of one in peaceful rest, with the aged twenty years in every hours. Her maids, directed by Mrs. Grayson, an old friend of the family, were ready to prepare her for the grave.

"They think," whispered Mrs. Grayson, "that she had walked in her sleep. Her feet are scratched and torn, as if she had been pursued through briers barefoot, and the doctors say that her convulsions probably came on from the shock of awakening. She was found at the threshold, unconscious, in the hall, and the outer door was wide open."

I left the plantation a few days after the funeral, and for years neither saw nor heard directly from Robert Glen. I never could forgive his indifference to Helen's peace of mind while she lived, nor get over a certain disgust with which his lack of self-control at the time of her death inspired me. I never liked him, and, after that sad time, I had less regard for him than ever. I never spoke to him of my wife. He would only have pronounced me mad, and I did not wish to obtain that reputation for the mere sake of warning him. Besides, I tried with all my mind to believe the experience of that night a dream, but I found that impossible and was always looking for a sequel to it. The sequel came in its appointed time.

Years passed away. At the outbreak of the war, the Graysons came North. From them, I learned that Asenath had disappeared from the plantation long before, and was supposed to have drowned herself in the black creek and to haunt the plantation in the form of a black and white snake. Dr. Grayson blamed himself for her death.

"Some of the Glen negroes," he said, "told some of me that the girl was turning white, and that, with the exception of her face and hands, her whole body had changed its color. Now I had heard of such cases, but never had seen one, and, in spite of what Buffon and other naturalists say on the subject, felt doubtful of the possibility of such a thing taking place. I rode over to Glen's one day to investigate the matter. Glen was not at home; but, presuming upon old friendship with him, I saw the girl and told her the object of my call. I wish you had seen her; she flew into an outrageous passion, called me vile names, said there was not a white spot on her person, and that if I touched her it should cost me dear. Of course I paid no attention to her threats, and called that Lucas of Glen's to help me turn up her sleeves. Her arms really were white, but long sleeves hid the rest from them, she broke away from us and tore out of the house. We followed, but lost sight of her in the shrubbery, and to this day she has never been seen again. The negroes say she drowned herself. Glen, when he returned, seemed to believe so. He took me to task in a most ungentlemanly manner for what I had happened, and we have not been on speaking terms since. He has now gone abroad to stay until this little world will blow over, I hear."

"I trust that he may—and longer," I said.

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The Art of Dinner Giving.

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends: we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Where, indeed?

The poet-diplomat was quite right. Would that he had lived longer to enjoy many more of those epicurean feasts which were such substantial aids to his practice of statecraft and the direct inspiration of many of his most charming lyrics!

Dinner is the saving grace of the busy man's day, the crowning glory of the idler's idleness. Like the setting sun it casts a glow upon the retiring scenes of daylight, and goes gently down with the assurance that the same operation will be repeated on the morrow.

"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

But there are dinners and dinners. A choice little group of *gourmets*—men of palates and preferences—were discussing the art of dinner giving the other day. All agreed that we lived in an era of great social magnificence and munificence; that more money is being lavished to-day upon the table than at any time since Lucullus supped on nightingales' tongues and Cleopatra drank off melted pearls. When a Vanderbilt imported the celebrated Joseph from Paris to do nothing but look after the details of his table at a major-general's salary, a renaissance of extravagant living swept over New York.

The love of art, the cultivation of good manners, the craze for fine equipages, the taste for decorations, even the love of dress, were made subsidiary to the greed for excellent cooking. To keep the best cook in town was more of an honor than to have won an hundred battles. Europe was ransacked for *chefs de cuisine* who might bring the coveted fame to their masters' houses. Preposterous wages were paid. Dollars were eagerly offered where francs had sufficed. The cook became the most pampered menial in the household. His word was law. If he had a slight indisposition, great doctors were summoned. Would he take the air, a carriage was at his disposal. If he took snuff, every other servant in the house sneezed.

That portion of society that could afford it made preparations for a regular battle of cooks. Lists of dinner guests were made up of certain old *gourmets* and *connoisseurs*, who were asked about to sit in judgment upon the skill, or genius rather, of the great *chefs* entered in the lists. The battle raged all last winter, and is being renewed more hotly than ever this season.

It is with the opinions of some of these gastronomic jurors that we have now to deal. It must be said that they stand the wear and tear of experiment extremely well. So great is the art of the masters under whom they sit that they lock neither overfed nor dyspeptic. A place on such a tribunal is more highly prized than a high seat in the synagogue or on the sheriff's jury.

Listen, then, to what they have to say.

"In the first place"—said Mr. S. (a courtly old gentleman with a *fin de siecle* appetite and a taste and digestion never impaired by cocktails or spirits before dinner, and who is generally regarded as the foreman of this gastronomic jury)—"in the first place, you must remember that we have dismissed from our observations all those houses which are served by *restaurateurs*. In reaching a conclusion as to which private establishment in town is capable of serving the best dinner, we have considered only those in which the food is bought, cooked, and served by servants in the actual and regular employ of the host or hostess.

"The trouble with these restaurant fellows is that, if you call them in, they invariably give you a great deal too much to eat. You should not be more than an hour and a quarter at the table, but with the best of service they will keep you at the table over two. Mrs. William Astor, for instance, always orders her big dinners from outside. The dishes are generally prepared at the restaurant some time in advance, and the finishing touches done in the house. The result is that the dinner has a slightly faded, *passe* taste which, perhaps, only one person in ten would notice.

"Here is a menu of a recent dinner of that description:

Huitres.

POTAGES.
Consommé Printanier Royale.
Potage a la Purée d'Asperges Vertes.

HORS D'ŒUVRE.
Cetquettes a la Parisienne.
Bouchees a la Reine.

POISSONS.
Saumon a la Chambord.
Boiled Halibut. Sauce Hollandaise.

RELEVES.
Filet de Bœuf a la Jardiniere.

ENTREES.
Cotelettes d'Agneau a la Purée de Celeri.
Ris de Veau a la Toulouse, en Croustade.
Filets de Chevreuil au Macaroni.
Punch a la Romaine.

ROTIS.
Pedreaux Rotis. Sauce Plain.
Red-head Ducks.

LEGUMES.
Truffes au Champagne.
Fonds d'Artichaut, Italienne.

ENTREMETS.
Pouding de Cabinet, Marasquin.
Baba Chand a l'Ananas.
Dessert. Cafe.

"There, my boy, is about the kind and size of the mortal gorge you get, nine times out of ten. when you go out to a big dinner party. It is one chance in ten if any one of the dishes is half so fine as its name, one chance in twenty if it is served hot, and one chance in a hundred if you make a really good, satisfactory dinner out of the whole mess.

"You now see why we, who have sensitive palates and discretion, preclude the idea of a perfect or even good dinner being served from a restaurant. Ah, yes! if you know what to order, and have the confidence and esteem of the *maitre d'hotel*, you may obtain a very excellent dinner by going to the restaurant; but you will never get the same dishes served at your house in the same way."

"It seems to me," spoke up a middle-aged man who has lived extensively abroad and in the most famous restaurants of Europe, "that the best dinner I ever ate was at the late Mr. Belmont's."

"Quite naturally," said the foreman. "Mr. Belmont was a man of great taste, and his *menage*, from attic to stable, was, perhaps, the most perfect and complete in New York."

"And after him?" I queried.

"I should say the best mounted house in town to-day, with the most satisfactory and exquisite *cuisine*, is Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt's. She herself takes infinite pains to obtain perfection, and rarely fails of her object. A *menu* such as you have just read would be an absurdity in her house. Moreover, she dislikes fussy dishes. By 'fussy,' I mean small tid-bits with long names. This is about what you might expect at the Vanderbilts':

Huitres.

POTAGE.
Clear Green Turtle.

HORS D'ŒUVRE.
Timbale Russe.

POISSON.
Bass ragoût a la Regence.
Concombres.

RELEVE.
Saddle South Down Mutton. Pommes Parisiennes.
Fiageolets.

ENTREES.
Supreme de Volaille. Spinach.
Terrapin au Beurre.
Pate-de-foie-gras en aspic.

R' VI.
Canvas-back Ducks. Fried Hominy. Celery Mayonnaise.

ENTREMETS.
Pudding a la Neesleirode
Dessert. Cafe.

"You have hit on a very interesting subject, gentlemen," came from a quiet old bachelor whose daily dinner is a chop and a baked potato, but whose mouth was clearly watering over the good things being discussed. "Now can any of you give me any idea of what all those fol-de-rols *a la* something or other cost to eat, and in doctors' bills?"

"My dear sir," replied the foreman, "you quite misunderstand the *rationale* of French cooking if you imagine for a moment that it is necessarily expensive or unwholesome. True, we have been discussing the methods in vogue in our great houses where the question of cost never enters into the argument at a'l. There are certain things to be procured in market better than other things, and the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Havemeyers and the Winthrops are only content to buy the best. Then there are certain ways of preparing food which are better than other ways, and the people referred to are not satisfied with any but the best way. I may not say that you do not relish your chop and baked potato as much as these people do their *supreme de volaille* and *aspic de foie gras*, but I do say that you can have no conception of the perfection to which the art of dinner giving has been carried until you sit at the table of one of these hosts.

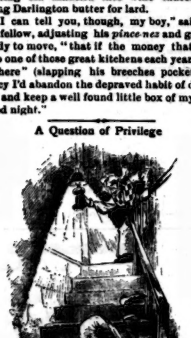
"The natural aversion which you and men like you have to so-called French cooking is derived from your experience with so-called French restaurants of an inferior order, where, under the names of the classic dishes of the French *cuisine*, you are served with an amount of trash chiefly prepared by empirics.

"This very same fraud has also been practiced for years in private houses until, as I say, some two or three years ago a friendly rivalry was aroused between a certain class of millionaires as to who could give the best dinners and maintain the standard the longest. Our little discussion has shown, too, that it is not always the richest people who have the best taste or produce the best results.

"If you ask me what Mrs. Astor's or Mrs. Vanderbilt's or Mrs. Havemeyer's kitchen costs per annum, I could only make a guess, which might be far out of the way. Some people have the knack of making a great show out of nothing. Some are atrociously robbed by their servants, and others again believe in putting old Madeira into wine sauces and using Darlington butter for lard.

"I can tell you, though, my boy," said the old fellow, adjusting his *pince-nez* and getting ready to move, "that if the money that goes into one of those great kitchens each year came in here" (slapping his breeches pocket), "I fancy I'd abandon the depraved habit of dining out and keep a well found little box of my own. Good night."

A Question of Privilege



Mrs. O'Hara.—That's a foine way fur a man t' go dhownshtairs!

Mr. O'Hara.—Can't a man go dhownshtairs ony dom way he plazes?

Nero a Reformer.

The Emperor Nero was a reformer, and when he burned Rome he was inspired by the highest motives. Signor Lanciani, the learned Italian writer, is responsible for this new view of his character.

He wished to introduce such improvements in Rome as Baron Hausmann brought about in Paris, and A. R. Shepherd in Washington, to cite modern instances. The streets of Rome were narrow and ill-planned, and many of the buildings were not what they should be. The Emperor's efforts to improve and beautify the city were opposed, however, by the property owners, and further obstacles consisted of temples, altars, and shrines that were inviolate. This description of the state of affairs might be mistaken for an account of the obstacles encountered by a modern reformer in a modern city. Nero's method of overcoming the difficulties was not modern, however, but decidedly Roman. Tents and booths were secretly collected on the outskirts of the city, and vessels were sent to various Mediterranean ports for grain, with orders to meet at the mouth of the Tiber on a certain date. When everything was ready, Nero had the city fired in many places, and a large portion of it was burned. When the inhabitants, driven from their homes, sought refuge in the outskirts of the city, they found the booths and tents waiting to shelter them, and the grain fleet arrived in port about the same time. Nero had had plans for a new city prepared, and they were carried out with great energy, while no pains were his arrangements for housing and feeding the people while the reconstruction was going on, that no one suffered from hunger or exposure.

A Sensible Reluctance.

DeGarry—I'm afraid you are only trying to be cynical when you say that all girls are mercenary.

Merritt—I don't think so. The only present I ever made a girl that she didn't want to keep was a diary.

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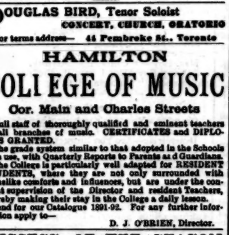

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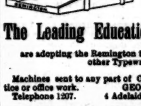

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

only regret that the place she so ably and successfully filled in the social and intellectual circles must know her no more. During her occupancy of Government House she endeared herself to the whole mass of Toronto citizens in the same manner as she had already done to her private circle of friends. The society man and woman, the young people, and the Upper Canada College boys, to whom she was such a kind and trusted friend, alike mourn her loss.

•

Another well known Toronto resident has been taken from our midst, in the decease of Mr. George Berthon, whose genius has limned the features of many a noted man of this century, and whose talented and speaking work was commented on by many a regretful voice as the merrymakers at Osgoode Hall last night glanced up at those portraits of Canada's justices, all but one of which are the work of Mr. Berthon. He had completed a residence of half a century in Toronto at the time of his death.

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Among the visitors to Toronto who have graced and will grace our halls of fashion, some very beautiful and clever people are noted. Of these none has warmer admirers than Mrs. Olive Winans, whose charming personality was well known in the social circles of the Canadian capital as the guest of the Baroness McDonald, and the prime favorite of the Governor-General's circle a couple of seasons ago. Mrs. Winans is a Newcastle lady and is a cousin of the beautiful Miss Metcalfe, who won so much admiration at the Grenadiers' ball.

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Miss Sutherland is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Wilmott.

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I hear that Mrs. Winans will be the guest of Mrs. Charles Moss.

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The engagement of Miss Jennie Moodie of Hamilton and Mr. W. H. C. Burnett of New York is announced.

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Cards are out for an At Home at Mrs. William Elliott's of 99 Pembroke street.

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Mrs. Osler's dance at 35 Avenue street was much enjoyed by a large number of very nice society folk.

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At five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon at St. Barnabas' Anglican Church, Chester, the marriage of a Mr. Frank S. Taggart of Toronto to Miss Clara Ambrosine Mills, eldest daughter of Mr. John Mills of Lincoln Place, 343 Danforth avenue, was celebrated, the officiating clergymen being the Rev. C. Ruttan of Norway, assisted by the Rev. R. Ashcroft. The bride wore a blue traveling costume and hat, and was attended by Miss Fannie Frankland, who wore flowered *crepe de chene*, with green and pink ribbons, and a gold pearl and ruby pin, the gift of the groom. Mr. A. E. Dixon was groomsman. The ushers were Mr. C. A. Campbell and Mr. W. Dunn. After the marriage ceremony the wedding party adjourned to Lincoln Place, the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held from 6 until 9 o'clock, and after which Mr. and Mrs. Taggart left on the 8.30 train for Montreal. Amongst the invited guests were: ex-Ald. and Mrs. Frankland, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clarke, Deputy Chief Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Taggart, Mr. and Mrs. Sparkhall, Miss McKeown of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Coates, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Kavanagh, Dr. and Mrs. W. Dixon, Miss H. Stark, Rev. Fred Tapscott of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lee, Mr. Burt Thompson, Mr. W. J. Merry, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. Thos. Green, Mrs. Ruttan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mills, jr., Miss Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Purse, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Frankland, Mr. L. Lavis of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Phenix, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mr. J. W. Bengough, the Misses Archer, Mrs. J. Hanby and Mr. W. Hallebon.

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The sporting members of the staff of the Union Bank were treated to a most enjoyable sleigh drive on Wednesday afternoon last through the kindness of Mr. Isaac Anderson. After doing the fashionable streets the party drove out into the country for several miles. Not the least enjoyable features of the drive were Mr. Frank Strathy's song, If I Only Had You Here, and Mr. Thomas Durand's imitation of a German band.

•

The contributions for the Ontario Society's exhibition which opens this morning at ten o'clock, include some very good work from most of the best known members of the society, as well as much clever work from outside. The charm of an exhibition of this kind consists in the fact that most of the work is direct from nature and in the great diversity of subject as well as of methods of working, so that we have charcoal and stump work, Indian ink, water color, lead pencil, pastel and oil to select from, and subjects ranging from pigs and geese to mountains and stormy skies. It seems the rooms are to be opened to the public without charge, the society defraying the many expenses connected with getting up the exhibition. There is little doubt the gallery will be crowded. The oil originals of Mr. Sherwood's portrait sketches of Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. W. D. Lighthall, reproduced in another column, may there be seen.

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Among those present at last Saturday's Canadian Literature Evening were Mr. and Mrs. G. Mercer Adam and the Misses Mercer Adam, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Mr. Oliver A. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Blackett Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Rev. D. J. Macdonell, Miss Yeigh, Mr. Will T. James, Mr. and the Misses MacMurchy, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Prof. Keys, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Miss Ella Elliott, Miss Westlake, Mr. Beverley Johnson of Brantford, Mr. Merrill, Miss Madge Robertson, Messrs. Atkinson, McGhie, Neil McCrimmon, Macdonald, Frank Pedley, Castell Hopkins and others.

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The French club will meet this evening at the residence of Mrs. Alfred Denison, 703 Ontario street. The last reunion at Mrs. Fox's was a very enjoyable and instructive affair. Miss Norman Reynolds and Mr. J. Bayne Coulthard sang several beautiful songs, and Prof. Coutellier read a selection from Victor Hugo.

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Damon Lodge No. 5, Knights of Pythias, held its first annual installation at its hall last Thursday evening, and then, preceded by the uniform Rank of Toronto Division, marched to the Gladstone House, Queen street west, where a banquet was held. It was a very pleasant affair, and was enjoyed by many prominent knights and visitors.

'Varsity Chat.

With sorrow I chronicle the death of Mr. J. A. Sparling, B. A., '88, one of our best known young graduates. It is but a brief season since his voice was heard in our halls, and with difficulty I bring myself to realize that the life of so brilliant a young man has been cut short. He was at the time of his death mathematical master in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute, and all who knew him predicted that his untiring energy and executive ability would place him in the front rank of men, but it has been otherwise decreed.

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The first of this term's public lectures was delivered on Saturday afternoon last by Mr. William Dale, M. A., lecturer in Latin. The subject was the Greatness of Ancient Rome. In some respects Rome was singularly deficient. Her literature, at its best, was little more than a servile imitation of the Greek. Her art she obtained by the simple and direct process of stealing. It was in the legion and the camp that her greatness really appeared. What gave rise to the discipline of the legion? This arose from the fact that Rome was a frontier town, compelled for her own safety to keep her citizens constantly under arms. She secured her conquests by a policy of incorporation, by the building of roads and by the planting of colonies. Did she show herself as great in governing the world as in conquering it? To this question the answer must be an affirmative, with some qualifications. Her administration of the provinces was not simply for her own advantage and was not paying to herself. The lecturer then proceeded to estimate the causes which ultimately led to the destruction of the ancient world, and, in reference to Roman law, sketched the process by which the customs of a Latin tribe ultimately rose to the dignity of the code of Justinian. This Saturday Prof. Ashley will deal with Methods of Economic Peace.

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The Modern Language Club met on Monday afternoon in the Y.M.C.A. The meeting was a French one, the subject of discussion being Voltaire. Mr. L. J. Macdonell read an essay on the life of the author, Mr. F. G. Crosby one on Candide and Miss McBride one on Henriade.

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Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., has resigned the fellowship in Italian and Spanish, and has accepted a position as modern language lecturer in Vancouver College, Vancouver, B.C. Mr. McLay graduated in June last with honors in modern languages. He was an active man in all university matters. During the last year at college he was editor-in-chief on the *Varsity*, and president of the Modern Language Club. He was also prominent in college sports and was an excellent footballer. After obtaining his degree in arts he successfully took the course at the School of Pedagogy.

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Mr. Gordon Laing, B.A., who graduated with honors in June last, has been appointed lecturer in classics in Vancouver College. Mr. Laing has fine literary tastes, and will be a good acquisition to the teaching staff of the college.

•

The Glee Club will give a grand concert in February, as there will be no conversazione this year. The club is now practicing diligently on several new pieces of music. Invitations have been received from Barrie and Hamilton to give concerts there.

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Mr. James Brebner, B.A., who had charge of the library for some time, has been appointed assistant to Mr. Langton, the newly appointed librarian.

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President R. W. Thompson occupied the chair at the meeting of the Engineering Society of Practical Science this week. An open letter from Mr. F. M. Bowman, a graduate of the school, now in the employ of a bridge company in Pennsylvania, was read, in which he gave some practical hints on the best way of obtaining a requisite experience in the department of bridge building. A paper on the Water Works Systems of Essex and Amherstburg was read by Mr. A. T. Laing, in which he showed clearly and fully the merits of various points in the construction of the engine boiler, reservoir tank, and water mains, and spoke of some very curious phenomena connected with the source of supply of the Essex system.

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Principal Caven of Knox College will leave February 1 on his trip to Europe and Palestine. During his absence his classes will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Kellogg.

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The first regular meeting of the Woman's Literary and Scientific Society of the University of Toronto was held in the college Y. M. C. A. hall Monday. The president, Miss Mackenzie, gave her inaugural address, which was much appreciated. A debate was conducted on the subject: Resolved, that humanity has been more benefited by science than by literature. The president, after complimenting the speakers on their logical powers, decided the debate in favor of the affirmative. JUNIOR.

Pointers for Public Speakers

If it is muddy, and you are a little late and the crowd is loudly calling your illustrious name, writes Royal Hubert, rush directly upon the stage, beginning your discourse with your trowsers still rolled up. It will add *chic* to your looks, and help quiet the clamor. This act is amusing to the small boy.

Another very taking thing is to have your cuff come loose just as you are making a spread-eagle gesture, and then for said cuff to persistently, wilfully and maliciously stay loose, and catch on the edge of your coat sleeve, in spite of your off-hand efforts to fetch it to time.

If your high collar comes unbuttoned at the back take it coolly; button it to the lower shirt button. This will give more prominence to the front of the collar, and add much to your coloring.

If you are a domestic man, and thus are enabled to enjoy a friendly wrestle with a stove pipe semi-occasionally, you should reserve one of these matches until just before you go to speak. Then in the heat of your discourse you can give a splendid effect by wiping your perspiring brow with a soot-begrimed handkerchief. This feat is enjoyed by girls and ladies; your wife especially, (whose last words were, "Have you a clean handkerchief?") would not fail to see the humor of it were she present.

If you wear a double-breasted coat unbutton it during the exordium, and when you come to the peroration button it up again, with the first button in the second hole. This is most effective.

Look at your watch as often as convenient, and wind it several times. This will show great presence of mind, and probably won't hurt the watch any.

Take a drink of water often and contrive to spill most of it.

By adhering to these few rules, and picking up others as he goes along, the speaker can soon learn to make himself entertaining enough to suit almost any audience.

Her Brother Entertained Him.

She was not quite ready to receive him, so she sent her brother to entertain him while she put the finishing touches to her toilet. The entertainment was lively if not satisfactory.

"You are Ethel's beau, ain't you?" began the youngster.

"Yes, pleasantly.

"Have you money in the bank?"

"Yes.

"In your own name?"

"Yes."

"And you expect to keep it in your own name after you marry Ethel?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, Ethel will have something to say about that."

"Will she?"

"Yes. Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"And you expect to smoke after you are married?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ethel will have something to say about that."

"The deuce she will!"

"Yes. You belong to a club, don't you?" pursued the inquisitor.

"Yes."

"And you expect to belong to it after you are married?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ethel will have something to say about that."

"I want to know?"

"You play billiards sometimes, don't you?" continued the boy.

"Yes."

"And you expect to play after you are married?"

"I do."

"Well, Ethel will have something to say about that."

The lover here arose in his wrath.

"Look here, my young friend," said he, "I've got an important engagement which I came near forgetting. I'm going to attend to it. You tell Ethel I've gone, and see what she has to say about that."

Before the boy could form another question, he was off.

Kill and Cure.

"How much better you look!" said the first lady.

"Yes, I feel better. The doctor told me to take exercise and long rides and I've been to three funerals this week. Still, I hate to go when the parties are perfect strangers."

Too Accommodating.

Chollie (glancing at the bill of fare)—I'd order quail on toast, if they had it, Bella, but they haven't, apparently; so I guess we'll have some plain—"

Waiter—We have quail on toast, sir, although it isn't on the bill.

Chollie *(softo voce)*—Shut up!

DON'T FORGET
The Third Annual At Home of
WINONA SOCIAL CIRCLE
IN HARRY WEBB'S PARLORS, YONGE ST.
On Friday Evening, January 29, 1892
Parlor Games, Music, Dancing, and Refreshments.
Tickets may be obtained from W. J. Kirby, 46 Brock Ave.; A. C. Winton, 20 Toronto St.; W. E. Podger, British America Ass. Co., cor. Front and Scott Sts.; I. K. Belfry, N. E. cor. of Queen and Bathurst Sts., or from other members of the Circle.

Messrs. I Suckling & Sons
Have the honor to announce that they have engaged for one appearance in Toronto, on FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 12, the great Pianist and Composer,
PADEREWSKI
Subscribers will have first choice of seats and in order of subscription. List at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Warerooms, 107 Yonge St.

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ROSES, CUT FLOWERS, Etc.
Floral Offerings and Wedding Bouquets a Specialty. Choice Table and Window Plants. Also Decorative Plants for hire.
J. SIMMONS & SON, 18 King St. East, Toronto
Opp. W. A. Murray & Co.'s.
GREENHOUSES, 519 MUTUAL STREET.

MADAME IRELAND'S
Herbal Toilet Soap
The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

SEE OUR
SINGLE BEDROOM SUITS
AT
SLOAN & SON'S, 97 King Street East

ELITE LIMOGES
We have in these goods some of the prettiest pieces for table decoration yet shown. The ware is equal and the decoration superior to any other French make.
We have still a nice line of BANQUET LAMPS and sell the wire frames so that you can make your own shade if ours do not suit you.
PANTECHNETHECA
116 Yonge Street
Instruction given in shade making free.

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ENTERTAINMENTS
WEDDING CAKES
Or the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.
Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.
HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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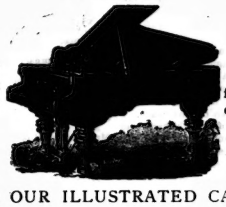
Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.
SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT
Having on hand a large assortment of heavy overcoatings in Knaps, I am determined on making a clearance in the next thirty days, and therefore offer the above large discount. This is a rare opportunity for procuring first-class goods and workmanship at a very low figure.
HENRY A. TAYLOR,
The Fashionable West End Tailor.
No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

WE are now offering an unusual large stock of Sleighs at very low prices, selected from Gladstones, Solid Comforts, Russians, Baileys, Portlands, Piano Boxes, Careols and other styles.
GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.,
100 and 102 Bay St.

FOR SALE—THE ATTENTION OF PARTIES HAVING in view the purchase of a permanent home is requested to the new and strictly first-class residential mansion, No. 170 Isabella Street, N. W. corner of Sherbourne, perfect throughout in all its appointments; no pains or expense spared in its construction and occupying one of the finest and most healthful locations in the city; it contains two fine and roomy bathrooms; plumbing throughout of the finest workmanship; heated by hot water and hot air combined, having a full southern exposure and all the requirements for an exceptionally cheerful and healthful home life. A critical inspection of the premises is invited. For particulars apply to ALEX. RANKIN, No. 29 Toronto Street.

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McKendry's Greeting
TO THE
READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT
Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!
McKendry Once More on the War Path
Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding stores.
Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our customers.
Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices
In our Basement Bazar
Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.
Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.
Don't forget Monday, McKendry's Bargain Day.
Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices—40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.
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TORONTO.

Music.

I see that the Philharmonic Society has formed a joint stock company to conduct its business, with a singers' committee to assist the board of directors. I presume that this is done to put its floating debt in a satisfactory shape. It seems a pity that an old society like the Philharmon should have got "on the rocks." Yet it was there once before, some twelve years ago, and the financial administration of Mr. Samuel Nordheimer pulled it through to a state of comparative financial comfort, while Mr. John Earls, a short time after his assumption of the presidency, actually had a surplus. If the new regime can start in without debts and with cash in hand, the society ought to keep its nose above water for the future. Yet this is not so easy a matter to carry out, and when it is considered that its income is not much greater than that of either of the vocal societies, you have the reason for the difficulty. The Philharmonic Society requires the assistance of an orchestra at each of its concerts, which entails the expenditure of from three to five hundred dollars twice a year, which with the greater salary paid to its conductor makes quite a difference. If it is desired to engage foreign soloists the season's expense becomes still greater, and all the financing in the world will not pull the society through unless the dollars come in. Now how do the dollars come, or why do they come in? Either because the public are coaxed or teased into subscribing, or because the public wants to hear the Philharmonic concerts. This brings us to the key of the situation, which is: Make your concerts popular, and take such steps as will make them good as well.

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Few people can stand two complete oratorios in one season from the same society, and the second concert should be a miscellaneous one. There has been quite a discussion lately as to whether the public interest in oratorio music—here, at all events—has been on the wane. I think that the condition of the Philharmonic Society shows that the pessimists are not unduly magnifying the evils of the situation. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that in Toronto the public interest is waning in oratorios—as they are performed. And right here is the place to apply the remedy. There can be no reason why an oratorio should not be sung, as to its choruses, with the same attention to detail and finish as is shown by the singing of the vocal societies. Yet this is not accomplished by any means. Were this secured there would not be a lack of voices in the chorus, nor yet a lack of hearty appreciation on the part of the public. The great mistake that is made is that people are allowed to go into the Philharmonic chorus as if it were merely a school, instead of looking for some standard of capability which shall never be departed from. The old and experienced singers who still sing in the Philharmonic chorus come in towards the end of the rehearsals so as to avoid the unpleasant duty of pulling the "duffers" along. When the "duffers" have had the music knocked into them, the old hands consider it safe to come in. The conductor's time is spent in teaching the chorus *what* to sing, instead of *how* to sing it. Few of the choristers can read music; that is what they came in to learn.

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With a chorus, the majority of whose material is as I have described, only the broadest and coarsest effects can be produced. I know that Mr. Torrington tries to draw out finer shades of expression, and I can bear personal witness to his patience and long-suffering, yet it is impossible for him to succeed with such material as he has. Clean out the chorus, gentlemen; reduce it to those only who can sing and read, and allow no others into it, and then attend on similar lines to your orchestra, and in two years Oratorio and the Philharmonic Society will have regained their former popularity.

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Considerable interest will attach to the concert of Ignace Paderewski, concerning whose brilliant European success I had something to say last August. He plays here on February 12, and will doubtless repeat in Toronto the *furore* he has created in all other American cities.

•

The performance of The Beggar Student by the Harmony Club will be under the immediate patronage of the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, who will be in town at that time.

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On Monday evening the annual concert of the Caledonian Society, always a popular event, will take place at the Pavilion. Those taking part are Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. Olivia Campbell Shafer, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. J. S. Goldie, Mr. Grant and Master Bertie Alexander.

•

On Tuesday evening Manager Sheppard will present to us Mme. Adelina Patti, the incomparable, who will be supported by Mme. Fabbri, Signor Guille, Signor Del Puente, and Signor Novara, with an orchestra under Signor Arditi.

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The University Glee Club has engaged Mr. W. J. Lavin, the well known tenor, and Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, our fellow-townsman, to support Miss Mary Howe at their concert on February 19.

•

One of the brightest and smartest of our musical exchanges is *The Presto* of Chicago, a paper which a short time ago was an obscure country monthly, and now is a lively weekly of goodly size. I have just received the year book issued by this paper and find it a handsome book of one hundred and twenty-two pages printed in two colors, and profusely illustrated, as well as teeming with facts and figures of interest and value. I can recognize the work of two young Torontonians on its staff, Mr. Draper E. Fralick and Mr. A. L. Ebbels. The former of these gentlemen studied here with Mr. F. H. Torrington and Mr. A. E. Fisher, and is well equipped for the duties devolving upon him. Mr. Ebbels was for many years the outside man, so to speak, of the Philharmonic Society, and has developed into a successful "hustler" for *The Presto*. This year's book gives some interesting statistics concerning the music trade in Canada. It estimates the annual output of our factories at 8,652 pianos and 20,540 organs. Of the latter instruments many go to England, while the export trade in pianos is constantly growing. *The Presto* hints very broadly that the cheapness and excellence which distinguish the Canadian piano would make it a powerful competition with similar priced pianos in the United States if reciprocity should ever come to pass.

•

I see by the following letter that our young and enterprising tenor, Mr. Douglas Bird, has not been finding a path of roses wheresoever he has walked of late. It would seem that his usual electric success did not travel in the same train with him:

DEAR METRONOME.—Will you allow me a short space in your valuable journal to express myself regarding the criticism in an evening paper concerning the soloists at the Messiah concert here? Of Mrs. Burch and Mr. Barrington Foote I do not say anything, as they have been long favorably known by the public. With regard to Mr. Douglas Bird, who is a young singer commencing, I think, a very promising career, the general feeling of the audience was one of entire satisfaction, as evidenced by the applause he received in his solos, and the undeniable recall which one of them received. I feel that when Mr. Bird again appears before the public here he will be heartily welcomed.

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

F. C. SMYTHE, Mus. B., T.C.D.
Conductor of Ottawa Philharmonic Society.

Jan. 12th, 1892.

METRONOME.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The first sleighing party of the season was given by Mr. A. T. Duncan on Monday evening, when twenty-two of his friends enjoyed an exceedingly jolly drive. They left town about eight o'clock and drove about as far as Stoney Creek and returned to Mrs. Knox's residence, where an inviting supper awaited them. After supper dancing was indulged in and those present sincerely hoped that this one would not be the last. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Misses Fuller, Leggat, Turner, Dunlop, Hendrie, Dewar, Messrs. Beatty, Foster, Ferrie, W. Ferrie, E. Ferrie, Ricketts, Gillespie and Gates.

Miss Brown of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. James Mills of Main street west.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Allan of Brockville are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Travers of James street.

Miss Etta Macpherson of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. J. S. Hendrie of Hunter street. Mrs. Hendrie gave a charming luncheon to the following ladies in honor of her guest: Mrs. J. D. Hay of Toronto, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Bankier, Miss Leggat, Miss Fuller and Miss Hendrie.

Tuesday evening Mrs. Gillard gave a charming progressive euchre party at her pretty reside ice, Undercliff. There were about fifty young people present, and all strove to win the requisite prizes which were donated. Mrs. Gillard was assisted in receiving her guests by Misses Marion and Annie Gillard, the latter looking very handsome in black and pink. Among the guests were Miss Chapman, Miss Mills, Miss Turner, Miss Watson, Miss Faulkner, Miss Bell, Miss Dewar, Miss Roach, Miss Dunlop, Miss Ridley, Miss Lottridge, Miss Carr, Miss Grant, and Messrs. Bell, Patterson, Garret, Ferrie, Logie, Gillespie, Dr. Beemer, Bellhouse, Billet and many others.

Miss May Mills has been the guest of Miss Rogers of Cayuga.

Mrs. Fred Moffat of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Osborne of Herkimer street.

Mr. E. Ramsay Ricketts had been moved from the staff of the Bank of Montreal here to that of Toronto.

Mr. Robert Tisdale of Simcoe is the guest of Mr. A. O. Beatty.

Mrs. R. B. Skinner left last Wednesday for New York to meet her husband, who has been visiting England and most of the continental cities during the last three months. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner will return home this week.

Braeside, the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. Leggat, was a scene of brilliancy last Thursday evening, when the *creme* of Hamilton society presented itself at the *debut* of Miss Bessie Leggat, who has recently returned from abroad. Mrs. Leggat received her numerous guests in a striking gown of claret velvet with duchesse lace, and looked exceedingly handsome. Miss Leggat assisted her mother in a *chic* gown of *eau de nile* faille with silver trimmings. The *debutante* wore a gown of white silk crepe with white lilac looping the skirt and carried a huge bouquet of white rosebuds. Many have been the opinions regarding the belle, but there were so many lovely faces and magnificent gowns that it would be difficult to give the palm to one in particular.

Miss Saunders of Guelph is the guest of Miss McGiverin of Jackson street.

Mrs. C. J. Jones gave a delightful tea on Wednesday. Her picturesque drawing-room was much admired by her many friends.

Cards are issued for a dance at Blackanton, the residence of Mrs. Lottridge, on Thursday evening, in honor of Miss Nora Armour of Cobourg.

Miss May McGiverin left on Saturday for London, to be the guest of Mrs. Gates.

Mr. Matthews of Toronto was the guest of Mr. Moreton last week.

Miss Bell of Hannah street is visiting friends in Barrie.

The event in society circles this season will undoubtedly be the ball to be given at Arkledun, the residence of Mrs. Turnbull, on January 27. Dame Rumor whispers that it will surpass all other functions this season, and the young people are all on the *qui vive* with expectancy.

Mrs. Bruce gave a delightful sleighing party for children last Friday evening, when three large vans conveyed fifty young and lively occupants to Ancaster, where they spent three enjoyable hours over a sumptuous repast and romps of every description.

Miss Dewar left on Monday for a lengthy visit to Chicago.

The Masonic conversazione will be held on Friday evening, when a programme of music and dancing will be enjoyed by the large assemblage which always attend these popular entertainments.

Miss Jarvis of Toronto is the guest of Miss Pringle of Hannah street.

Mrs. Chapman of Argyle Terrace will be At Home from five to seven on Friday.

SYLVIA.

Definite Directions.

"About how far is it to Gourdville?" asked the stranger of a tank North Carolinian, who sat on the veranda holding up the front side of his house.

"Twicet as far as yo' kin holler an' as far as yo' kin see beyond that."

"But I'm in a hurry, and can't 'holler' at all," urged the traveler. "How am I to tell anything from such a direction as that?"

"Two hoots and a look, I reck'n," was the laconic reply.

"Well, how far is that?" queried the stranger impatiently.

"Better look twicet an' not holler at all," was the answer. "Gourdville ain't wuth hollerin' about nohow."—*Boston Post.*

A Circulating Medium.

"I always make it a rule to conceal nothing from my wife; I tell her everything," says Brown.

"Yes, and I can't say that I like you for it," says Jones.

"How so? Why not?"

"Why, your wife tells everything you tell her to my wife, and my wife just hauls me over the coals for it."

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We are taking stock and are prepared to close out several lots of the most fashionable Garments at

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Very Likely.

"What's the matter, Gus?" asked Willie Wishington.

"I've discovahed that I'm no exception to the rule," said Gus de Jay disconsolately. "I've got a skeleton in my closet, don't you know."

"Maybe not," was the comforting rejoinder. "Go back and take anothaw look, deah boy; pwaps it was youah twousahs-stwetcher you saw."

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Births.

CROSBY—Jan. 14, Mrs. F. J. Crosby—a son.
McNAUGHTON—Jan. 15 Mrs. McNaughton—a son.
WOODD—Jan. 15, Mrs. W. H. Woodd—a daughter.
BROWNE—Jan. 13, Mrs. H. D. Browne—a daughter.
GOODE—Jan. 11, Mrs. Orphee Goode—a son.
PEARSON—Jan. 6, Mrs. W. H. Pearson, Jr.—a daughter.
BALL—Jan. 9, Mrs. C. W. Ball—a son.
BARBER—Jan. 13, Mrs. John S. Barber—a daughter.
POSTLETHWAITE—Jan. 16, Mrs. Colin Postlethwaite—a daughter.
RUTHERFORD—Jan. 16, Mrs. D. B Rutherford—a son.
BEARDMORE—Jan. 17, Mrs. Alfred G. Beardmore—a son.
MANLEY—Jan. 20, Mrs. Fred F. Manley—a son.
PHILLIPS—Jan. 17, Mrs. F. B. Phillips—a son.
McLACHLIN—Jan. 8, Mrs. A. G McLachlin—a son.

Marriages.

TAGGART—MILLS—At Church of St. Barnabas, Chester, Ont., on Jan. 20, by Rev. Richard Ashcroft of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Chas Ruttan of Norway, Frank S. Taggart of Toronto to Clara Ambrosine, daughter of Mr. John Mills, Danforth avenue, Toronto.
BOSWORTH—JOHNSON—Jan. 19, William Bosonworth to Minnie Johnson.
CAMPBELL—RUSSELL—Jan. 18, George H. Campbell to Jean Russell.
MAGEE—PRICE—Jan. 12, Ignatius W. Magee to Emma H. Price.
BARTLETT—GRAHAM—Jan. 12, Alexander Bartlett to Fanny E. Graham
BATEMAN—FULLER—Jan. 13, Robert Bateman to Blanche Fuller.
LUGDEN—BARKER—Jan. 13, Robert Lugden to Rachael Barker.
FOSTER—FISHER—Jan 13, H. Thompson Foster to Alice E Fisher.

Deaths.

DUNN—Jan., Mary Dunn, aged 86.
ATTELL—Jan., Henry V. Attell, aged 69.
MAUGHAN—Jan. 20, Sophia Maughan, aged 62.
HOVELL—Dec 17, Julia Howard Hovell, aged 70.
HARRISON—Jan. 20, Henry F. Harrison, aged 66.
HARPER—Jan. 16, Mary Emma Harper.
ROBINSON—Jan. 17, Mary Jane Robinson.
CAMERON—Jan 16, Marjorie Cameron, aged 7.
SYMONS—Jan. 11, Agnes Decker Symons, aged 60.
MOYNET—Jan. 17, Henry C. J. Moynet, aged 52.
DUNCAN—Jan. 17, Thomas W. Duncan, aged 45.
KARR—Jan. 15, George S. W. Karr, aged 1.
ROUSSEAUX—Jan. 14, Jane Rousseaux, aged 75.
SMITH—Jan. 14, William Smith, aged 71.
STEVENSON—Jan. 14, Sarah Stevenson, aged 74.
BERTSON—Jan. 17, George T. Bertson, aged 55.
MILLER—Jan. 17, Colonel A. Miller, aged 46.
O'NEILL—Jan. 18, Anne Plunkett O'Neill, aged 72.
GILTON—Jan. 17, Philomena Belton.
BLACK—Jan. John Black, aged 64.
GRANT—Jan. 15, George Colborne Grant.
WELLS—Dec. 24, Albert Wallace, aged 45.
STEVENS—Jan 16, Mary A. Stevens, aged 70.
FARR—Jan. 15, John W. Farr, aged 57.
RICHARDSON—Jan. 16, Mary Frances Richardson.
McLENNAN—Jan. 17, Elizabeth McLennan.
BEATY—Jan 15, Jeanette Melinda Beaty, aged 56 years.
FULLER—Jan. 14, Mrs. Cynthia Fuller, aged 75.
GIBSON—Jan. 15, Hannah Gibson.
HOLLAND—Jan. 14, Mary Holland.
KANE—Jan. 15, Harriet F. Kane.

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MALCOLMSON—Jan. 9, Arthur Malcolmson.
McFARLANE—Jan. 18, Jane McFarlane.
OWEN—Jan. 14, Richard S. Owen, aged 77.
SEAGER—Jan. 7, Eliza Seager.
SEAGER—Jan. 5, Julius Seager.
SAWYER—Jan. 14, Luther D. Sawyer, aged 65.
TAYLOR—Jan. 14, R. S. Denison Taylor, aged 88.
WILSON—Jan. 14, Jane Wilson, aged 50.

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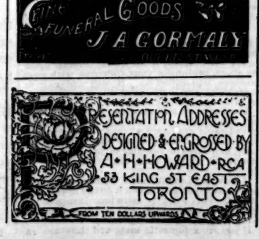

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